OCTOBER 1940

Fan FANTASTIC Mysteries

RED STAR MAGAZINE

ERRITT'S
famous
THE FACE
n the ABYSS

FUNGUS ISLE
Philip M. Fisher

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"Boys, in 1 minute through that door will come our new star salesman—"

JUST when we had got to thinking our sales were doing extra all right, J. P., the sales manager, whammed home the old body punch at the first-of-the-month meeting.

"Boys," he said, "in just one minute, through that door will come our new star salesman . . . and I expect every man to cooperate with him to the fullest."

No kiddin', a pin dropping would have sounded like an exploding bombshell. Jim Smith looked at me, I stared at Ed Johnson. What was going on? Who was this newcomer? What kind of a bird would he be? Who was going to be "fired"? J. P. sure had us in a dither —and I mean dither!

And then, through the door staggered the office boy carrying a tray as big as a cart wheel. On top of it stood twelve big, gleaming bottles of Listerine Antiseptic.

J. P. grabbed the nearest one off the tray and slammed it down on the desk.

"Here he is," he bellowed, "and none of you guys had better laugh, either. For a long time I've noticed that some of you men—and I'm not mentioning any names, all too frequently have a breath that would knock a cow down. It all adds up to this: *If I've noticed it, customers must have noticed it, too.* And that's bound to be bad for business. After coming up against a case of halitosis a couple of times, a customer is entitled to close the door on you—*for keeps.*"

We all stirred uneasily.

"From now on," J. P. continued, "this is an order; take a swig of Listerine Antiseptic every morning before you hit the street. Get that? Not now and then after a big night . . . but *every* morning. Step up, gentlemen, and get your bottle."

Maybe J. P. was right, and maybe it's only coincidence, but I'm doggoned if the sales for the next six months weren't better, in spite of a lot of tricky stuff from our competitors.

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LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (*Bad Breath*)

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The December Issue Will Be On Sale October 9

A **RED STAR** *Magazine*

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.
WILLIAM T. DEWART, *President & Treasurer* **WILLIAM T. DEWART, JR.,** *Secretary*
PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE, 111 Rue Réaumur
LONDON: THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHERS & DISTRIBUTORS, LTD., 3 La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4

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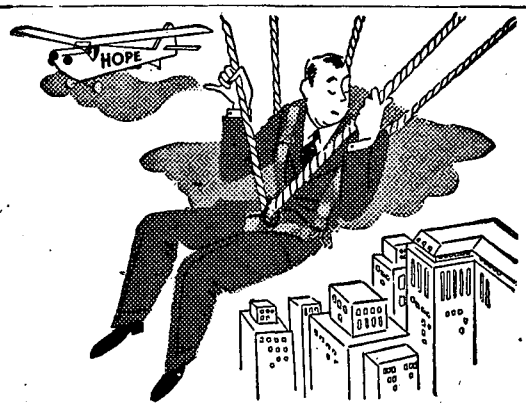

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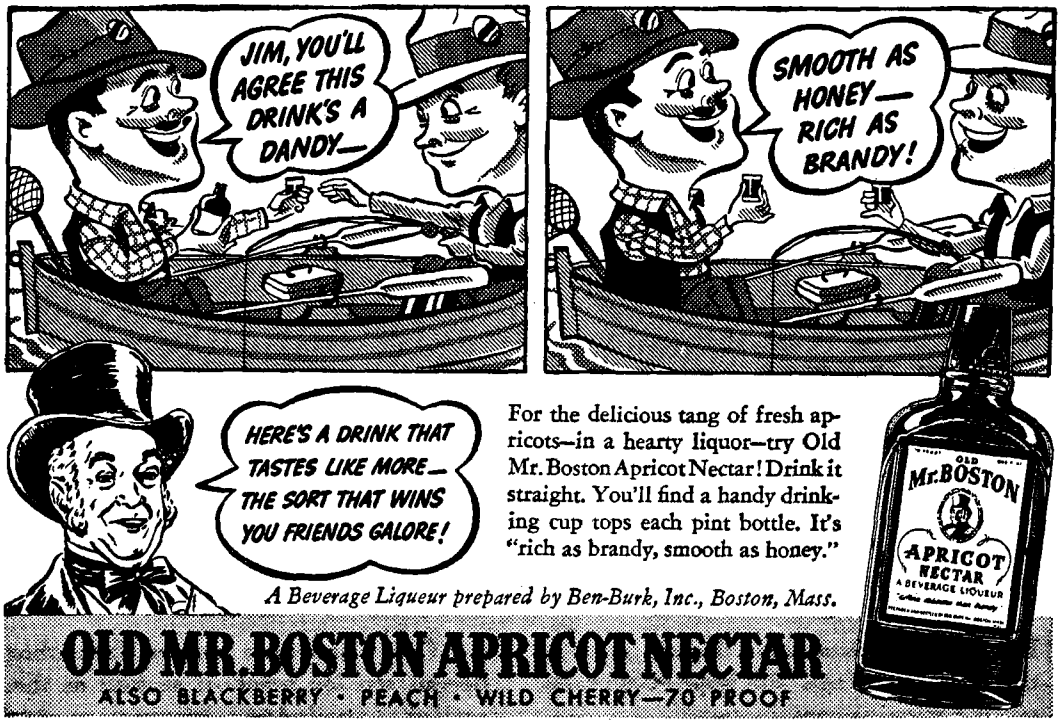
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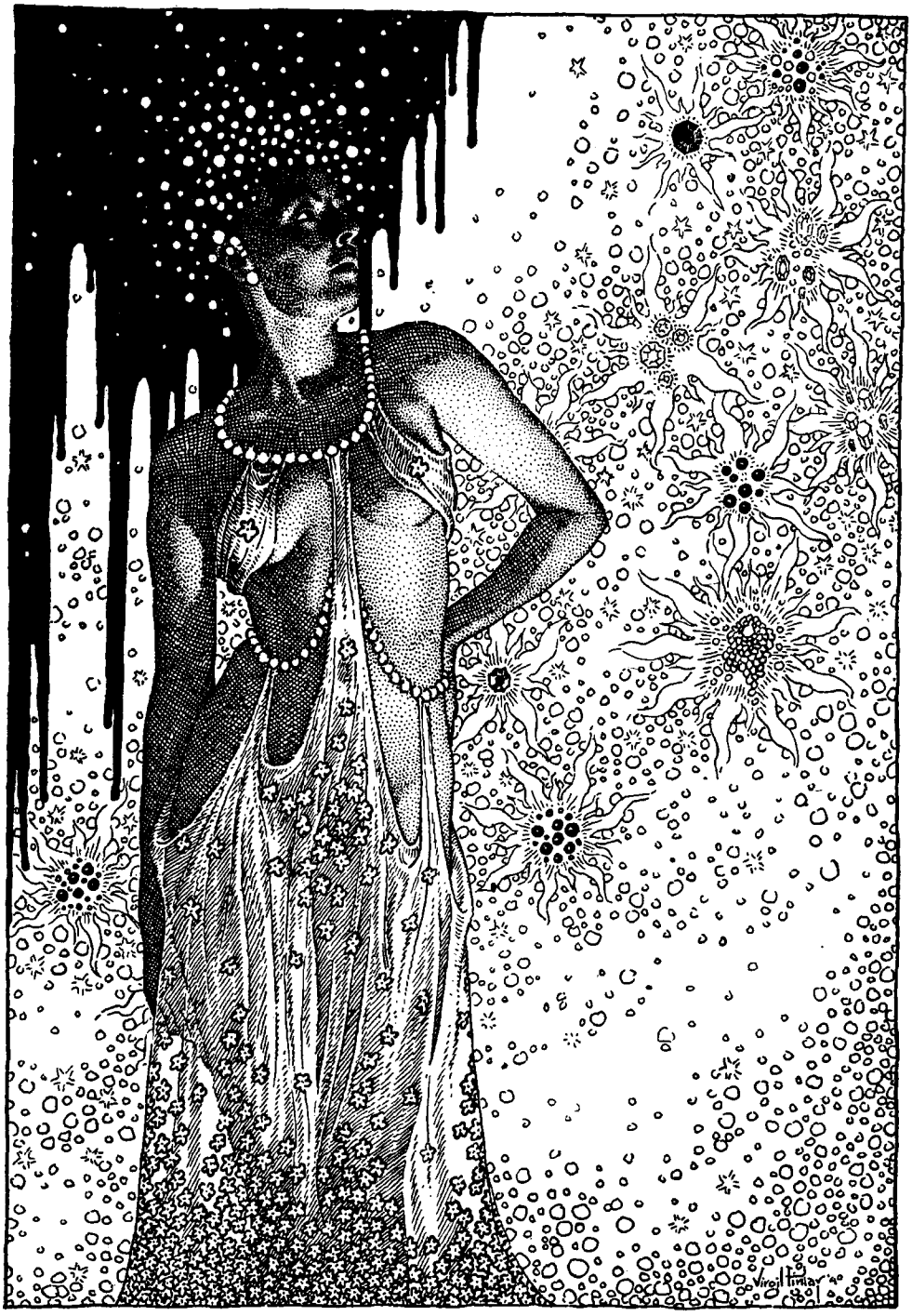

"We have come to the place I promised to show you," Suarra said sorrowfully. "The place where the jewels grow like fruit in a garden and the living gold flows forth"

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THE FACE IN THE ABYSS

By A. MERRITT

A magnificent fantastic novel by the author of "The Moon Pool," "The Conquest of the Moon Pool," "Through the Dragon Glass," "Three Lines of Old French," "The People of the Pit," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I

OUT OF THE HAUNTED HILLS

IT HAS been just three years since I met Nicholas Graydon in the little Andean village of Chupan, high on the eastern slopes of the Peruvian uplands. I had stopped there to renew my supplies, expecting to stay not more than a day or two. But after my *arrieros* had unlimbered my luggage from the two burros, and I entered the unusually clean and commodious *posada,* its keeper told me that another North American was stopping there.

He would be very glad to see me, said the innkeeper, since he was very ill and there was no other *Americanos* in the hamlet. Yes, he was so ill that he was, to tell me all the truth, certain to die, and it would beyond doubt comfort him much to have a fellow countryman with him when that sad moment came. That is, he added, if he were able to recognize a fellow countryman, since all the time the *señor* had been at the *posada* he had been out of his mind with fever, and would probably pass away so.

Then with a curiously intense anxiety he implored me to stay on until death did come; a matter, he assured me, that could be one of only a few days—maybe hours.

I bluntly asked him whether his desire for me to remain was through solicitude for my ailing countryman or through fear for himself. And after a little hesitation he answered that it was both. The *señor* had come to the village a week before, with one burro and neither guides nor *arrieros*. He had been very weak, as though from privations and long journeying. But weaker far from a wound on his neck which had become badly infected. The wound seemed to have been made by either an arrow or a spear. The *señor* had been taken care of as well as the limited knowledge of the *cura* and himself permitted. His burro had been looked after and his saddlebags kept scrupulously closed. But I could understand that questions might be raised after the *señor's* death. If I remained I could report to the authorities that everything possible had been done for the *señor's* comfort and testify that none in Chupan was responsible for his injuries.

This did not sound very convincing to me, and I said so. Then the worthy innkeeper revealed what actually was in his mind. The *señor,* he said, had spoken in his ravings, of dreadful things, things both accursed and devilish. What were they? Well—he crossed himself—if I remained I would no doubt hear for myself. But they had even greatly disturbed the good *cura,* despite that he

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was under the direct protection of God. The *señor* had come, so his ravings indicated, from a haunted place. No less a place, the innkeeper whispered crossing himself again, than the shunned Cordillera de Carabaya, which every one knew was filled with evil spirits. Yes, evil spirits which would not lightly give up any one who had once been in their power!

And, in fine, the idea seemed to be that some of these demons of the Cordillera—about which, as a matter of fact, I had heard some strange tales—might come at any time for the sick man. If they did, they would be more apt to wreak their fury on one of the *señor's* own countrymen—especially if he was in the same room. The keeper of the *posada* did not put it that way, of course; he said that one of his own people was better qualified to protect the *señor* in such case than any strangers were. Nevertheless the theory plainly was that if I stayed I would act as a lightning rod for any levin of hell that might strike!

I WENT to the room of the sick man. At first glance I could see that here was no *andreine,* no mountain vagabond. Neither fever nor scrub beard could hide the fineness, the sensitivity, the intelligence of the face on which I looked. He was, I judged, about thirty; and he was in ill case indeed. His temperature showed 105 point 6. At the moment he was in delirium.

My first shock of surprise came when I examined his wound. It seemed to me more like the stab of some great bird beak than the work of spear or arrow. It was a puncture—or better, perhaps, a punch—clear through the muscles of the back and left shoulder and base of the neck. It had missed the arteries of the last by the narrowest of margins. I knew of no bird which could make such a wound as this, yet the closer I looked and probed the more sure I was that it had been inflicted by no weapon of man.

That night, after I had arranged my own matters and had him sleeping under a hypodermic, I opened up his saddlebags. Papers in them showed his name to be Nicholas Graydon, a mining engineer, a graduate of the Harvard School of Mines, his birthplace, Philadelphia. There was a diary that revealed so much of him truly likable that had I not already made up my mind to stop on with him it would have impelled me to do so. Its last entry was about a month before and ran:

> Two weeks now since our *arrieros* deserted us and we seem to be pretty thoroughly lost. Effects upon the three are curious. Sterrett manages to keep himself evenly drunk all the time. That spare burro of his must be loaded with nothing but that Indian hellbrew.
>
> Dancre is moody and sullen. Soames seems to have developed a morbid suspicion of all of us. Strange how the wilderness, the jungle, the desert, bring out the latent man in all of us.
>
> In Quito none of the three was half bad. But now—well, the luckiest thing for me will be for us to find no treasure. If we do, my throat will probably be the first to be cut.

Further down in the bag were two parcels, each most carefully and securely wrapped. Opening the first I found a long black feather oddly marked with white. I did not recognize the plume as belonging to any bird I knew. Its shaft was inlaid with little bands of gold, altogether a curiously delicate bit of goldsmith's work.

But the contents of the second package made me gasp with amazement. It was a golden bracelet, clearly exceedingly ancient, the band an inch broad and expanding into an oval disk perhaps

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three inches long by two wide. That disk held in high relief the most extraordinary bit of carving I had ever seen. Four monsters held on uplifted paws, a bowl on which lay coiled a serpent with a woman's face and woman's breasts. Nor had I ever beheld such suggestion of united wisdom and weirdness as the maker had stamped upon the snake woman's face.

Yet it was not that which called forth the full measure of my wonder; no. There are certain pictures, certain sculptures, certain works of art which carry to their beholders conviction that no fantasy, no imagination, went into their making and that they are careful, accurate copies of something seen by those who made them. This bit of golden carving carried that conviction.

The four monsters which held up the snake woman were—dinosaurs!

There was no mistaking them. I had examined too many of the reconstructions made by scientists from the fossil bones of these gigantic, monstrous reptilian creatures to be in error. But these giants were supposed to have died off millions of years before man first appeared on earth! Yet here they were, carved with such fidelity to detail, such impress of photographic accuracy, that it was impossible to believe that the ancient goldsmith who made this thing had not before him living models!

Marveling, I held the bracelet closer to the light and as I did so I thought I heard far away in the blackness of the mountains and high in air a sound like a tiny bugle. In that note was something profoundly, alienly weird. I went to the window and listened, but the sound did not come again. I turned to find the eyes of Graydon opened and regarding me. For a moment he had slipped from the thrall of the fever—and the thought came to me that it had been that elfin bugling which had awakened him.

It was six weeks before I had Graydon well out of danger. And in that time he had told me bit by bit that well nigh incredible experience of his in the haunted hills of the Cordillera de Carabaya and what it was that had sent him so far down into the valley of the shadow.

Three years it has been since then. Three years and I have heard nothing of him. Three years and he has not returned from his journey back to the Cordillera de Carabaya where he went to seek mystery, ancient beyond all memory of man, he believed was hidden there. But more than that—to seek Suarra.

"If you don't hear from me in three years, tell the story and let the people who knew me know what became of me," he said, as I left him at the beginning of that strange trail he had determined to retrace.

And so I tell it, reconstructing it from his reticences as well as his confidences, since only so may a full measure of judgment of that story be gained.

CHAPTER II

SUARRA OF THE GOLDEN SPEARS

GRAYDON had run into Sterrett in Quito. Or, rather, Sterrett sought him out there. Graydon had often heard of the giant West Coast adventurer, but their trails had never crossed. It was with a lively curiosity, then, that he opened the door of his room to this visitor.

And he had rather liked Sterrett. There was a bluff directness about the big man that made him overlook a certain cruelty of eye and a touch of brutality about mouth and jaw.

Sterrett came to the point at once.

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Graydon had no doubt heard the story of the treasure train which had been bringing to Pizarro the ransom of the Inca Atahualpa? And learning of the murder of that monarch had turned back and buried that treasure somewhere in the Peruvian wilderness? Graydon had heard of it, hundreds of times! And, like every other adventurer in the Andes, spent a little time himself searching for those countless millions in jewels and gold.

Sterrett nodded.

"I know how to find it," he said.

And Graydon had laughed. How many had told him that they, too, knew where lay hidden the hoard of Atahualpa the Inca!

But in the end Sterrett convinced him; convinced him at least that there was something more solid than usual in his story, something decidedly worth looking into.

There would be two others in the expedition, Sterrett told him, both men long associated with him. One was Dancre, a Frenchman, the other an American named Soames. These two had been with Sterrett when he had got hold of the old parchment with its alleged map of the treasure trail, and with its carefully drawn signs that purported to be copies of those along that trail; signs cut by its makers to guide those who one day, when the Spaniard was gone, would set out to recover the hidden hoard.

Graydon asked why they wanted him. Sterrett bluntly enough told him—because he was an American; because they knew he could be trusted; because he could afford to pay half the expenses of the expedition. He, Dancre and Soames would pay the other half. They would all share equally if the treasure was found. Still another reason, Graydon was a mining engineer and his special knowledge might be essential when it came to recovering the stuff. Furthermore, if the treasure was not found, the region where they were going was full of minerals. He might make some valuable discoveries. In which event all would share equally as before.

There were no calls on Graydon at the time. It was true that he could well afford the cost. At the worst there would be adventure and some pleasant excitement. He met Dancre and Soames, the first a cynical, but amusing little bunch of wires and nerves, the second a lanky, saturnine, hard-bitten Yankee. They had gone down by rail to Cerro de Pasco for their outfit, that being the town of any size closest to where, according to the map, their trail into the wilderness began. A week later, with eight burros and six *arrieros* or packmen, they were well within the welter of peaks through which the old map indicated their road lay.

They found the signs cut in the rocks exactly as the parchment had promised. Gay, spirits high with anticipation, three of them at least spending in advance their share of the treasure, they followed the symbols. Steadily they were led into the uncharted wilderness.

At last the *arrieros* began to murmur. They were approaching, they said, a region that was accursed, the Cordillera de Carabaya, where demons dwelt and only fierce Aymaras, their servants, lived. Promises of more money, threats, pleadings, took them along a little farther.

Then one morning the four awoke to find the *arrieros* gone—and with them half the burros and a portion of their supplies.

They pressed on. Then suddenly, the signs had failed them. Either they had lost the trail, or there were no more carven symbols and the parchment

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which had led them truthfully so far had lied at the last. Or was it possible that the signs had been obliterated—cut away?

The country into which they had penetrated was a strangely deserted one. They saw no sign of Indians—had seen none indeed since when, more than a week before, they had stopped at a Quicha village and Sterrett had got mad drunk on that fiery spirit the Quichas distil. Food, too, was curiously hard to find; there were few animals and fewer birds.

But worst of all was the change that had come over his companions. As high as they had been lifted by their certainty of success, just so deep were they now cast into despair. The wilderness, the loneliness of it, their disappointment, had brought out the real man that lies hidden beneath the veneer we all of us carry. Sterrett kept himself at a steady level of drunkenness, alternately quarrelsome and noisy or sunk in a sullen mood of brooding, brutal rage.

Dancre had become silent and irritable. Soames seemed to have reached the conclusion that Graydon, Sterrett and the Frenchman had combined against him; that they had either deliberately missed the trail or had erased the signs. Only when the two of them joined Sterrett and drank with him the Quicha hell-brew did either of them relax. At such times Graydon had the uneasy feeling that they were holding the failure against him and that his life might be hanging on a thin thread.

On the day that his adventure really began—that strange adventure to which all that had passed before had been prelude—Graydon was coming back to the camp. He had been hunting since morning. Dancre and Soames had gone off together on another desperate search for the missing symbols that would lead them to the treasure trail again.

Cut off in mid-flight, the girl's cry came to him as the answer to all his apprehensions; materialization of the menace toward which his vague fears had been groping ever since he had left Sterrett alone at the camp hours ago. He had sensed some culminating misfortune close, and here it was! He knew it; how, he did not stop himself to ask; he was sure. He broke into a run, stumbling up the slope to the group of gray green *algarroba* trees where the tent was pitched.

WHAT had the drunken fool done? Graydon had warned them all that their situation was perilous; that if Indians came they must try to make friends with them—that they must be superlatively careful in their treatment of any Indian woman.

He reached the *algarrobas*; crashed through the light undergrowth to the little clearing. Why didn't the girl cry out again? he wondered. There was a sickness at his heart. A low chuckle reached him, thick, satyr-toned. Then Sterrett's voice, cruel, mocking!

"No more fight in you, eh? Well, which'll it be, pretty lady—the way to the gold or you? And, by Heaven—I guess it'll be you—first!"

For an instant Graydon paused. He saw that Sterrett, half crouching, was holding the girl bow fashion over one knee. A thick arm was clinched about her neck, the fingers clutching her mouth brutally, silencing her; his right hand fettered her slender wrists; her knees were caught in the vise of his bent right leg.

She was helpless, but as Graydon sprang forward he caught a flash of wide black eyes, wrath-filled and defiant, staring fearlessly into those leering so close.

He caught Sterrett by the hair,

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locked an arm under his chin, drawing his head sharply back.

"Drop her!" he ordered.

Sterrett hurled himself to his feet, dropping the girl as he rose.

"What the devil are you butting in for?" he snarled. His hand struck down toward his pistol. But even while the fingers were tightening around the butt, Graydon's fist shot out and caught him on the point of the hairy jaw. The clutching fingers loosened, the half drawn pistol slipped to the ground, the great body quivered and toppled over. Long before it fell the girl had leaped up and away.

Graydon did not look after her. She had gone no doubt to bring down upon them her people, some tribe of those fierce Aymaras that even the Incas of old had never quite conquered and who would avenge her, in ways that Graydon did not like to visualize.

He bent down over Sterrett. His heart was beating; feebly it was true—but beating. The reek of drink was sickening. Graydon's hand touched the fallen pistol. He picked it up and looked speculatively at the fallen man's rifle. Sterrett, between the blow and the drink, would probably be out of the running for hours. Graydon wished that Dancre and Soames would get back soon to camp. The three of them could put up a good fight at any rate; might even have a chance for escape. So ran his thoughts. But Dancre and Soames would have to return quickly. The girl would soon be there, with the avengers; no doubt at this very moment she was telling them of her wrongs. He turned.

She stood there, looking at him.

And drinking in her loveliness, Graydon forgot the man at his feet; forgot all, and was content to let his soul sit undisturbed within his eyes and take its delight to her.

Her skin was palest ivory. It gleamed translucent through the rents of the soft amber fabric like the thickest silk that swathed her. Her eyes were deep velvety pools, oval, a little tilted; Egyptian in the wide midnight of their irises. But the features were classic, cameo; the nose small and straight, the brows level and black, almost meeting above it. And her hair was cloudy, jet, misty and shadowed, and a narrow fillet of gold bound the broad, low forehead. In it like a diamond were entwined the sable and silver feathers of the *caraquenque*, that bird whose plumage in lost centuries was sacred to the princesses of the Incas alone. Above her dimpled elbows golden bracelets twined, reaching to the slender shoulders. The little high arched feet were shod with high buskins of deerskin.

She was light and slender as the Willow Maid who waits on Kwannon when she passes into the World of Trees to pour into them new fire of green life. And like the Willow Maid green fire of tree and jungle and flame of woman gleamed within her.

Nothing so exquisite, so beautiful had ever Graydon beheld. Here was no Aymara, no daughter of any tribe of the Cordilleras, no descendant of Incas. Nor was she Spanish. There were bruises on her cheeks—the marks of Sterrett's cruel fingers. Her long, slim hands touched them. The red lips opened. She spoke in the Aymara tongue.

"Is he dead?" she asked. Her voice was low, a faint chime as of little bells ringing through it.

"No," Graydon answered.

In the depths of the midnight eyes a small hot flame flared, he could have sworn it was of gladness; it vanished swiftly as it had come.

"That is well," she said. "I would

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not have him die—" the voice became meditative—"*so!*"

"Who are you?" Graydon asked wonderingly. She looked at him for a long moment, enigmatically.

"Call me—Suarra," she answered at last.

Sterrett stirred; groaned. The girl gazed down upon him. The slim hand touched once more the bruises on her cheek.

"He is very strong," she murmured.

Graydon thought there was admiration in the voice; wondered whether all that delectable beauty was after all but a mask for the primitive woman, worshipping brute strength; looked into the eyes scanning Sterrett's bulk, noted the curious speculation within them, and knew that whatever the reason for her comment it was not that which his fleeting thought had whispered. She looked at him, questioningly.

"Are you his enemy?" she asked.

"No," said Graydon, "we travel together."

"Then why," she pointed to the outstretched figure, "why did you do this to him? Why did you not let him have his way with me?"

Graydon flushed, uncomfortably. The question, with all its subtle implications, cut. What kind of a beast did she think him? His defense of her had been elementary—as well be asked to explain why he did not stand by and watch idly while a child was being murdered!

"What do you think I am?" His voice shook with half shamed wrath. "No man stands by and lets a thing like that go on."

She looked at him, curiously; but her eyes had softened.

"No?" she asked. "No man does? Then what is he?"

Graydon found no answer. She took a step closer to him, her slim figure again touching the bruises on her cheek.

"Do you not wonder," she said—"now do you not wonder why I do not call my people to deal him the punishment he has earned?"

"I do wonder." Graydon's perplexity was frank. "I wonder indeed. Why do you not call them, if they are close enough to hear?"

"And what would you do were they to come?" she whispered.

"I would not let them have him—alive," he answered. "Nor me!"

"Perhaps," she said, slowly, "perhaps—knowing that—is why—I do not call them!"

Suddenly she smiled upon him, and it was as though a draft of wild sweet wine had been lifted to his lips. He took a swift step toward her. She drew up to her slim lithe height, thrust out a warning hand.

"I am—Suarra," she said; then, "and I am—Death!"

AN ODD chill passed through Graydon. Again he realized the unfamiliar, the alien beauty of her. Was there truth after all in those legends of the haunted Cordilleras? He had never doubted that there was something behind the terror of the Indians, the desertion of the *arrieros*. Was she one of its spirits, its—demons? For an instant the fantasy seemed no fantasy. Then reason returned. This girl a demon! He laughed.

She frowned at that laughter.

"Do not laugh," she said. "The death I mean is not such as you live beyond the high rim of our land may know. It is death that blots out not alone the body, but that lord whose castle is the body; that which looks out through the windows of your eyes—that presence, that flame, you believe can never die. That, too, our death blots out!

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makes as though it never had been. Or letting it live, changes it in—dreadful—ways. Yet, because you came to me in my need—nay, more because of something I sense within you—something that calls out to me and to which I must listen and do desire to listen—because of this I would not have that death come to you."

Strange as were her words, Graydon hardly heard them; certainly did not then realize fully their meaning, lost still as he was in wonder.

What was this girl doing here in these wild mountains with her bracelets of gold and the royal Inca feathers on her lovely little head? No demon of the wilderness, she! Absurd! She was living, desirable, all human.

Yet she was of no race he knew. Despite the *carquenque* plumes, not of the Incas.

But she was of pure blood. The blood of kings. Yes, that was it—a princess of some proud empire, immemoriably ancient, long lost! But what empire?

"How you came by the watchers, I do not know. How you passed unseen by them I do not know. Nor how you came so far within this forbidden land. Tell me," her voice was imperious, "why came you here at all?"

Graydon stirred. It was a command.

"We came from afar," he said, "on the track of a great treasure of gold and gems; the treasure of Atahualpa, the Inca. There were certain signs that led us. They brought us here. And here we lost them. And found soon that we, too, were lost."

"Atahualpa," she nodded. "Yes, his people did come here. We took them, and their treasure."

Graydon stared at her, jaw dropping in amazement.

"You—you took them—and the treasure!" he gasped.

"Yes." She nodded, indifferently. "It lies somewhere in one of the thirteen caves. It was nothing to us—to us of Yu-Atlanchi where treasures are as the sands in the stream bed. A grain of sand, it was, among many. But the people of Atahualpa were welcome, since we needed new folks to care for the Xinli and to feed the wisdom of the Snake Mother."

"The Snake Mother!" exclaimed Graydon.

The girl touched the bracelet on her right arm. And Graydon, looking close, saw that this bracelet held a disk on which was carved a serpent with a woman's head and woman's breasts and arms. It lay coiled upon a great dish held high on the paws of four animals. The shapes of these did not at once register upon his consciousness, so absorbed was he in that coiled figure.

And now he saw that this face was not really that of a woman. It was reptilian. But so strongely had the maker feminized it, so great was the suggestion of womanhood modeled into every line of it, that constantly the eyes saw it was woman, forgetting all that was of the serpent.

Her eyes were of some small, glittering, intensely purple stone. And as Graydon looked he felt that those eyes were alive—that far, far away some living thing was looking at him through them. That they were, in fact, prolongations of some one's—some *thing's*—vision!

And suddenly the figure seemed to swell, the coils to move, the eyes come closer.

He tore his gaze away; drew back, dizzily.

The girl was touching one of the animals that held up the bowl or shield or whatever it was that held the snake woman.

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"The Xinli," she said.

Graydon looked; looked and felt increase of bewilderment. For he knew what those animals were. And, knowing, knew that he looked upon the incredible.

They were dinosaurs! Those gigantic, monstrous grotesques that ruled earth millions upon millions of years ago, and but for whose extinction, so he had been taught, man could never have developed.

Who in this Andean wilderness could have known the dinosaur? Who here could have carved the monsters with such life-like detail as these possessed? Why, it was only yesterday that science had learned what really were their huge bones, buried so long that the rocks had molded themselves around them in adamantine matrix. And laboriously, with every modern resource still haltingly and laboriously, science had set those bones together as a perplexed child a picture puzzle, and timidly put forth what it believed to be reconstructions of these long vanished chimeras of earth's nightmare youth.

Yet here, far from all science it must surely be, some one had modeled those same monsters for a woman's bracelet. Why then, it followed that whoever had done this must have had before him the living forms from which to work. Or, if not, copies of those forms set down accurately by ancient men who had seen them. And either or both these things were incredible.

WHAT were these people to whom this girl belonged? People who—what was it she had said?—could blot out both body and soul or change the soul to some dreadful thing? There had been a name—

Yu-Atlanchi.

"Suarra," he said, "where is Yu-Atlanchi? Is it this place where we are now?"

"This?" She laughed. "No! Yu-Atlanchi is the ancient land. The hidden land where the Five Lords and the Lord of Lords once ruled, and where now rules only the Lord of Fate and the Lord of Folly and the Snake Mother. This place Yu-Atlanchi!" Again she laughed. "Now and then we hunt here, with the Xinli and the—the—" She hesitated, looking at him oddly; then went on. "So it was that he," she pointed to Sterrett, "caught me. I was hunting. I had slipped away from my —my—" again she hesitated, as oddly as before—"my followers, for sometimes I would hunt alone, wander alone. I came through these trees and saw your *tetuane*, your lodge. I came face to face with—him. And I was amazed. Too amazed to strike with one of these." She pointed to a low knoll a few feet away. "So, before I could conquer that amaze he seized me, choked me. And then you came."

Graydon stared at the place where she had pointed. There upon the ground lay three slender shining spears. Their slim shafts were of gold; the arrow-shaped heads of two of them were of fine opal.

But the third—the third was a single emerald, translucent and flawless, all of six inches long and three at its widest and ground to keenest point and cutting edge!

There it lay, a priceless jewel tipping a spear of gold—and a swift panic shook Graydon. He had forgotten Soames and Dancre! Suppose they should return while this girl was there! The girl with her ornaments of gold, her gem tipped golden spears, and her—beauty! Well, he knew what they could do. And while now he knew, too, how with all his wit and strength he would

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fight for her, still they were two and armed and cunning, and he only one.

Suddenly he discounted all that tale of hers of a hidden land with its Lords and Snake Mother and its people who dealt out mysterious unfamiliar deaths. If this were all so, why had she come alone into the *algarrobas?* Why was she still alone? As suddenly he saw her only a girl, speaking fantasy, and helpless.

"Suarra," he said, "you must go and go quickly. This man and I are not all. There are two more and even now they may be close. Take your spears, and go. Else I may not be able to save you."

"You think I am—" she began.

"I tell you to go," he answered. "Whoever you are, whatever you are, go now and keep away from this place. To-morrow I will try to lead them back. If you have people to fight for you—well, let them come and fight if you so desire. But take this instant your spears and go."

She crossed to the little knoll and slowly picked them up. She held one out to him, the one that bore the emerald point.

"This," she said, "to remember—Suarra."

"No," he thrust it back. "No!"

Once the others saw that jewel, never, he knew, would he be able to start them on the back trail—if they could find it. Sterrett had seen it, of course, but that was not like having it in the camp, a constant reminder to Soames and Dancre of what might be unlimited riches within their reach. And he might be able to convince those others that Sterrett's story was but a drunken dream.

The girl regarded him meditatively, a quickened interest in the velvety eyes. She slipped the golden bracelets from her arms, held them out to him with the three spears.

"Will you take all of them, and leave your comrades?" she asked. "Here are gold and gems. They are treasures. They are what you have been seeking. Take them. Take them and go, leaving that man there and those other two. Consent, and I will not only give you these, but show you a way out of this forbidden land."

For a moment Graydon hesitated. The great emerald alone was worth a fortune. What loyalty did he owe after all, to Sterrett and Soames and Dancre? And Sterrett had brought this thing upon himself.

Nevertheless, they were his comrades. Open-eyed he had gone into this venture with them.

He had a swift vision of himself skulking away with this glittering, golden booty. Creeping off to safety while he left them, unwarned, unprepared to meet—what? Peril, certainly; nay, almost as certainly—death. For whatever the present danger of this girl might be at the hands of his comrades, subconsciously Graydon knew that it must be but a brief one; that she could not be all alone; that although through some chance she had strayed upon the camp, somewhere close were those who would seek for her when they missed her. That somewhere were forces on which she could call and against which it was unlikely three men, even well armed as they were, could prevail.

VERY definitely he did not like that picture of himself skulking away from the peril, whatever it might be.

"No," he said. "These men are of my race, my comrades. Whatever is to come—I will meet it with them and help them fight it. Now go."

"Yet you would have fought them for my sake—indeed did fight," she said, as though perplexed. "Why then do you

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cling to them when you can save yourself; go free, with treasure? And why, if you will not do this, do you let me go, knowing that if you kept me prisoner, or—slew me, I could not bring my people down upon you?"

Graydon laughed.

"I couldn't let them hurt you, of course," he said, "and I'm afraid to make you prisoner, because I might not be able to keep you free from hurt. And I won't run away. So talk no more, but go—go!"

She thrust the gleaming spears into the ground, slipped the golden bracelets back on her arms, held white hands out to him.

"Now," she cried, "now, by the Wisdom of the Snake Mother, by the Five Lords and by the Lord of Lords, I will save you if I can. All that I have tempted you with was but to test that truth which I had hoped was in you and now know is within you. Now you may not go back, nor may they. Here is Yu-Atlanchi and Yu-Atlanchi's power. Into that power you have strayed. Nor have those who have ever so strayed ever escaped. Yet you I will save—if I can!"

Before he could answer her he heard a horn sound; far away and high in air it seemed. Faintly it was answered by others closer by; mellow, questing notes—yet with weirdly alien beat in them that subtly checked the pulse of Graydon's heart!

"They come," she said. "My followers! Light your fire tonight. Sleep without fear. But do not wander beyond these trees!"

"Suarra—" he cried.

"Silence now," she warned. "Silence, until I am gone!"

The mellow horns sounded closer. She sprang from his side; darted through the trees.

From the little ridge above the camp he heard her voice raised in one clear, ringing shout. There was a tumult of the horns about her, elfinly troubling. Then silence.

Graydon stood listening. The sun touched the high snowfields of the majestic peaks toward which he faced; touched them and turned them into robes of molten gold. The amethyst shadows that draped their sides thickened, wavered and marched swiftly forward. Still he listened, scarce breathing.

Far, far away the horns sounded again; faint echoing of the tumult that had swept about Suarra—faint, faint and faerie sweet.

The sun dropped behind the peaks; the edges of their frozen mantles glittered as though sewn with diamonds; darkened into a fringe of gleaming rubies. The golden fields dulled, grew amber and then blushed forth a glowing rose. They changed to pearl and faded into a ghostly silver, shining like cloud wraiths in the highest heavens. Down upon the *algarroba* clump the quick Andean dusk fell.

And not till then did Graydon, shivering with sudden, inexplicable dread, realize that beyond the calling horns and the girl's clear shouting he had heard no other sound. No noise either of man or beast, no sweeping through of brush or grass, no fall of running feet nor clamor of the chase.

Nothing but that mellow chorus of the horns!

From infinite distances, it seemed to him, he heard one single note, sustained and insistent. It detached itself from the silence. It swept toward him with the speed of light. It circled overhead, hovered and darted; arose and sped away; a winged sound bearing some message, carrying some warning—where?

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CHAPTER III

THE EYES OF THE SNAKE MOTHER

GRAYDON turned back. He bent over Sterrett who had drifted out of the paralysis of the blow into a drunken stupor. There were deep scratches on the giant's cheeks—the marks of Suarra's nails. The jaw was badly swollen where Graydon had hit it. Graydon dragged the other man over to the tent, thrust a knapsack under his head and threw a blanket over him. Then he went out and built up the fire.

Hardly had he begun to prepare the supper when he heard a trampling through the underbrush. Soon Soames and Dancre came up through the trees.

"Find any signs?" he asked them.

"Signs? Hell—no!" snarled the New Englander. "Say, Graydon, did you hear something like a lot of horns? Damned queer horns, too. They seemed to be over here."

Graydon nodded, abstractedly. Then he realized that he must tell these men what had happened, must warn them and urge them to prepare for defense. But how much should he tell?

All?

Tell them of Suarra's beauty, of her golden ornaments and her gem-tipped spears of gold? Tell them what she had said of Atahualpa's treasure and of that ancient Yu-Atlanchi where priceless gems were "thick as the sands upon the bed of a stream"?

Well he knew that if he did there would be no further reasoning with them; that they would go berserk with greed. Yet something of it he must tell them if they were to be ready for that assault which he was certain would come with the dawn.

And of Suarra they would learn soon enough from Sterrett when he awakened.

He heard an exclamation from Dancre who had passed on into the tent; heard him come out; stood up and faced the wiry little Frenchman.

"What's the matter wit' Sterrett, eh?" Dancre snapped. "First I thought he's drunk. Then I see he's scratched like wild cat and wit' a lump on his jaw as big as one orange. What you do to Sterrett, eh?"

Graydon had made up his mind; was ready to answer.

"Dancre," he said, "Soames—we're in a bad box. I came in from hunting less than an hour ago and found Sterrett wrestling with a girl. That's bad medicine down here—the worst, and you two know it. I had to knock Sterrett out before I could get the girl away from him. Her people will probably be after us in the morning. There's no use trying to get away. They'll soon enough find us in this wilderness of which we know nothing and they presumably know all. This place is as good as any other to meet them. And it's a better place than any if we have to fight. We'd better spend the night getting it ready so we can put up a good one, if we have to."

"A girl, eh?" said Dancre. "What she look like? Where she come from? How she get away?"

Graydon chose the last question to answer.

"I let her go," he said.

"You let her go!" snarled Soames. "What the hell did you do that for, man? Why didn't you tie her up? We could have held her as a hostage, Graydon—had something to do some trading with when her damned bunch of Indians came."

"She wasn't an Indian, Soames," began Graydon, then hesitated.

"You mean she was white—Spanish?" broke in Dancre, incredulously.

"No, not Spanish either. She was

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white. Yes, white as any of us. I don't know what she was," answered Graydon.

The pair stared at him, then at each other.

"There's something damned funny about this," growled Soames, at last. "But what I want to know is why you let her go, whatever the hell she was."

"Because I thought we'd have a better chance if I did than if I didn't." Graydon's own wrath was rising. "I want to tell you two that we're up against something mighty bad; something none of us knows anything about. And we've got just one chance of getting out of the mess. If I'd kept her here we wouldn't have even that chance."

He halted. Dancre had stooped; had picked up something from the ground, something that gleamed yellow in the firelight. And now the Frenchman nudged the lank New Englander.

"Somet'ing funny is right, Soames," he said. "Look at this."

He handed the gleaming object over. Graydon saw that it was a thin golden bracelet, and as Soames turned it over in his hand he caught the green glitter of emeralds. It had been torn from Suarra's arm, he realized, in her struggle with Sterrett.

"Yes, somet'ing funny!" repeated Dancre. He glared at Graydon venomously, through slitted lids. "What that girl give you to let her go, Graydon, eh?" he spat. "What she tell you, eh?"

Soames's hand dropped to his automatic.

"She gave me nothing, I took nothing," answered Graydon.

"I t'ink you damned liar!" said Dancre, viciously. "We get Sterrett awake." He turned to Soames. "We get him awake quick. I t'ink he tell us more about this, *oui*. A girl who wears stuff like this, and he lets her go! Lets her go when he knows there must be more where this come from, eh, Soames? Damned funny is right, eh? Come, now, we see what Sterrett tell us."

Graydon watched them go into the tent. Soon Soames came out, went to a spring that bubbled up from among the trees; returned, with water.

Well, let them waken Sterrett; let him tell them whatever he would. They would not kill him that night, of that he was sure. They believed that he knew too much. And in the morning—

What was hidden in the morning for them all?

That even now they were prisoners, Graydon did not doubt. Suarra's warning not to leave the camp had been too explicit. And since that tumult of the elfin horns, her swift vanishing and the silence that had followed he had no longer doubt that they had strayed as she had said within the grasp of some power, formidable as it was mysterious.

The silence? Suddenly it came to him that the night had become strangely still. There was no sound either of insect or bird nor any stirring of the familiar after-twilight life of the wilderness.

The camp was ringed with silence.

He strode away, through the *algarroba* clump. There was a scant score of the trees. They stood up like a little leafy island peak within the brush-covered savannah. They were great trees, every one of them, and set with a curious regularity as though they had not sprung up by chance; as though indeed they had been carefully planted.

Graydon reached the last of them, rested a hand against the bole that looked like myriads of tiny grubs turned to soft brown wood. He peered out. The slope that lay before him was flooded with moonlight; the yellow blooms of the *chilca* shrubs that pressed to the very

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feet of the trees shone wanly in the silver flood. The faintly aromatic fragrance of the *quenuar* stole around him. Movement or sign of life there was none.

And yet—

THE spaces seemed filled with watchers; he felt their gaze upon him; knew with an absolute certainty that some hidden host girdled the camp. He scanned every bush and shadow; saw nothing. Nevertheless the certainty of a hidden, unseen multitude persisted. A wave of nervous irritation passed through him. He would force them, whatever they were, to show themselves.

He stepped boldly into the full moonlight.

On the instant the silence intensified; seemed to draw taut; to lift itself up whole octaves of stillnesses; to become alert, expectant—as though poised to spring upon him should he take one step further!

A coldness wrapped him, a shudder shook him. He drew swiftly back to the shadow of the trees; stood there, his heart beating furiously. The silence lost its poignancy, dropped back upon its haunches—but watchful and alert!

What had frightened him? What was there in that tightening of the stillness that had touched him with finger of nightmare terror?

Trembling, he groped back, foot by foot, afraid to turn his back to the silence. Behind him the fire flared. And suddenly his fear dropped from him.

His reaction from the panic was a heady recklessness. He threw a log upon the fire and laughed as the sparks shot up among the leaves. Soames, coming out of the tent for more water, stopped as he heard that laughter and scowled at him malevolently.

"Laugh," he said. "Laugh while you can, you damned traitor. You'll laugh on the other side of your mouth when we get Sterrett up and he tells us what he knows."

"That was a sound sleep I gave him, anyway," jeered Graydon.

"There are sounder sleeps! Don't forget it." It was Dancre's voice, cold and menacing from within the tent. He heard Sterrett groan.

Graydon turned his back to the tent and deliberately faced that silence from which he had just fled. How long he sat thus he did not know. It could not have been for long. But all at once he was aware that he was staring straight into two little points of vivid light that seemed at once far, far away and very close. They were odd, he thought. What was it so odd about them? Was it their color? They were purple, a curiously intense purple. As he stared, it seemed to him that they grew larger, but the puzzling double aspect of distance and nearness did not alter.

It was very curious, he thought. He had seen two eyes—yes, they were eyes—of that peculiar purple, somewhere, not long ago. But he could not remember just where. There was a drowsiness clouding his thought. He would look at them no more. He raised his gaze, slowly and with perceptible effort, to the leafy screen above him. Unwinkingly the brilliant orbs stared back at him from it. He forced his gaze downward. There, too, they were.

And now he knew them—the eyes that had glittered from Suarra's bracelet of the dinosaurs! The eyes of that mingled serpent and woman she had called the Snake Mother!

They were drawing him—drawing him—

He realized that his lids had closed; yet, closing, they had not shut out the globes of vivid purple. His lethargy increased, but it was of the body, not of

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the mind. All his consciousness had concentrated, been gathered, into the focus of the weird, invading eyes.

Abruptly they retreated. And like line streaming out of a reel the consciousness of Graydon streamed out of him and after them—out of his body, out of the camp, through the grove and out into the land beyond!

It seemed to him that he passed swiftly over the moonlit wastes. They flashed beneath him, unrolling like panorama under racing plane. Ahead of him frowned a black barrier. It shrouded him and was gone. He had a glimpse of a wide circular valley rimmed by sky-piercing peaks; towering scarps of rock. There was the silver glint of a lake, the liquid silver of a mighty torrent pouring out of the heart of a precipice. He caught wheeling sight of carved colossi, gigantic shapes that sat bathed in the milky flood of the moon guarding each the mouth of a cavern.

A city rushed up to meet him, a city ruby-roofed and opal-turreted and fantastic as though built by jinn out of the stuff of dreams.

And then it seemed to him that he came to rest within a vast and columned hall from whose high roof fell beams of soft and dimly azure light. High arose those columns, unfolding far above into wide wonderous petalings of opal and of emerald and turquoise flecked with gold.

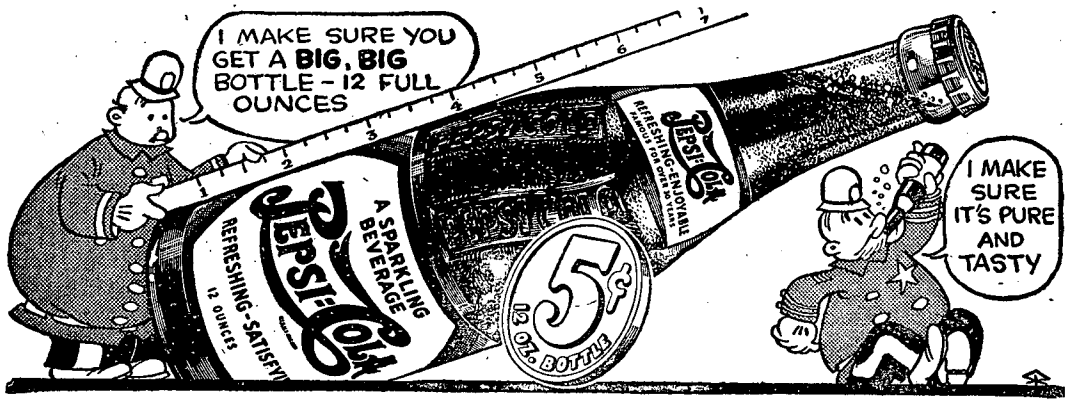
Before him were the eyes that in this dream, if dream it were, had drawn him to this place. And as the consciousness which was he and yet had, he knew, neither visible shape nor shadow, beheld it, it recoiled, filled with terror of the unknown; struggled to make its way back to the body from which it had been lured; fluttered like a serpent-trapped bird; at last, like the bird, gave itself up to the serpent fascination.

For Graydon looked upon—the Snake Mother!

She lay just beyond the lip of a wide alcove set high above the pillared floor. Between her and him the azure beams fell, curtaining the great niche with a misty radiance that half-shadowed, half-revealed her.

Her face was ageless, neither young nor old; it came to him that it was free from time forever, free from the etching acid of the years. She might have been born yesterday or a million years ago. Her eyes, set wide apart, were round and luminous; they were living jewels filled with purple fires. Above them rose her forehead, wide and high and sloping sharply back. The nose was long and delicate, the nostrils dilated; the chin small and pointed.

The mouth was small, too, and heart-shaped and the lips a scarlet flame.



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Down her narrow childlike shoulders flowed hair that gleamed like spun silver. The shining argent strands arrow-headed into a point upon her forehead; coifed, they gave to her face that same heart shape in which her lips were molded, a heart of which the chin was the tip.

She had high little breasts, uptilted. And face and neck, shoulders and breasts were the hue of pearls suffused faintly with rose; and like rosy pearls they glistened.

Below her breasts began her—coils!

Mistily Graydon saw them, half buried in a nest of silken cushions—thick coils and many, circle upon circle of them, covered with great heart shaped scales; glimmering and palely gleaming; each scale as exquisitely wrought as though by elfin jeweler; each opaline, nacreous; mother-of-pearl.

Her pointed chin was cupped in hands tiny as a baby's; like a babe's were her slender arms, their dimpled elbows resting on her topmost coil.

And on that face which was neither woman's nor serpent's but subtly both—and more, far more than either—on that ageless face sat side by side and hand in hand a spirit of wisdom that was awesome and a spirit weary beyond thought!

GRAYDON forgot his terror. He paid homage to her beauty; for beautiful she was though terrible—this serpent woman with hair of spun silver, her face and breasts of rosy pearls, her jeweled and shimmering coils, her eyes of purple fire and her lips of living flame. A lesser homage he paid her wisdom. And he pitied her for her burden of weariness.

Fear of her he had none.

Instantly he knew that she had read all his thoughts; knew, too, that he had pleased her. The scarlet lips half parted in a smile—almost she preened herself! A slender red and pointed tongue flicked out and touched her scarlet lips. The tiny hands fell; she raised her head; up from her circled coils lifted and swayed a pearled pillar bearing that head aloft, slowly, sinuously, foot by foot until it paused twice the height of a tall man above the floor; twisting, it turned its face to the alcove.

Graydon, following the movement, saw that the alcove was tenanted. Within it was a throne—a throne that was as though carved from the heart of a colossal sapphire. It was oval, ten feet or more in height, and hollowed like a shrine. It rested upon or was set within the cupped end of a thick pillar of some substance resembling milky rock crystal. It was empty, so far as he could see, but around it clung a faint radiance. At its foot were five lesser thrones, low and with broad table-like seats. They were arranged in a semi-circle. The throne at the right end of this semi-circle was red as though carved from ruby; the throne at the left was black as though cut from jet; the three central thrones were red gold.

Black throne and ruby throne and middle throne of red gold were empty. In each of the other two a figure sat, cross-legged and squatting and swathed from feet to chin in silken robes of blue and gold. Incredibly old were the faces of the pair, the stamp of lost aeons deep upon them—except their eyes.

Their eyes were young; as incredibly young as their settings were ancient. And incredibly alive! And those vital, youthful eyes were reading him; the minds behind them were weighing him; judging him. Judging him with what purpose?

Floated through Graydon's mind—or whatever it was of him that hovered

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there in dream or in spell or in obedience to laws unknown to the science of his world—the memory of Suarra's vow. By the Wisdom of the Snake Mother, and by the Five Lords and by the Lord of Lords she had sworn to save him if she could.

Why, these must be they, the two Lords she had told him still lived in Yu-Atlanchi! Certainly there was the Snake Mother. And that sapphire throne of luminous mystery must be the seat of the Lord of Lords, whatever he might be.

That fantastic city that had raced upward to enfold him was—Yu-Atlanchi!

Yu-Atlanchi! Where death—where death—

The Snake Mother had turned her head; the eyes of the two Lords no longer dwelt on his. They were looking, the three of them, beyond him. The serpent woman was speaking. He heard her voice like faint, far off music. Graydon thought that he glanced behind him.

He saw—Suarra.

So close to him she stood that he could have touched her with his hand. Slender feet bare, her cloudy hair unbound, clothed only in a single scanty robe that hid no curve nor lithesome line of her, no ornament but the bracelet of the dinosaurs, she stood. If she saw him, she gave no sign.

And it came to him that she did not see him; did not know that he was there!

On her face was the light of a great gladness, as of one who has made a prayer and knows that prayer has been granted. He reached out a hand to touch her; make her aware of him. He felt nothing, nor did she move.

And suddenly he realized once more that he had no hands!

As he labored to understand this, he saw the Snake Mother's swaying column grow rigid, her purple eyes fix themselves upon some point, it seemed, far, far beyond the walls of that mysterious temple.

Swift as a blow they returned to him. They smote him; they hurled him away. The hall disintegrated, vanished. He had vertiginous sensation of nightmare speed, as though the earth had spun from under him and let him drop through space. The flight ended; a shock ran through him.

Dazed, he raised his lids. He lay beside the crackling camp fire. And half way between him and the tent was Sterrett charging down on him like a madman and bellowing red rage and vengeance as he came.

Graydon leaped to his feet, but before he could guard himself the giant was upon him. The next moment he was down, over-borne by sheer weight. The big adventurer crunched a knee into his arm and gripped his throat. Sterrett's bloodshot eyes blazed into his, his teeth were bared as though to rend him.

"Let her go, did you!" he roared. "Knocked me out and then let her go! Well, damn you, Graydon, here's where you go, too!"

Frantically Graydon tried to break that grip on his throat. His lungs labored; there was a deafening roaring in his ears; flecks of crimson began to dance across his vision. Sterrett was strangling him. Through fast dimming sight he saw two black shadows leap through the firelight glare and throw themselves on his strangler; clutch the swaying hands.

The fingers relaxed. Graydon, drawing in great sobbing breaths, staggered up. A dozen paces away stood Sterrett, still cursing him, vilely; quivering, straining to leap again upon him. Dancre, arms around his knees, was hanging to him like a little terrier. Beside him was Soames, the barrel of his automatic

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pressed against the giant's stomach.

"Why don't you let me kill him?" raved Sterrett. "Didn't I tell you the wench had enough on her to set us up the rest of our lives? Didn't I tell you she had an emerald that would have made us all rich? And there's more where that one came from. And he let her go! Let her go, the—"

"Now look here, Sterrett." Soames's voice was deliberate, cold. "You be quiet or I'll do for you. We ain't goin' to let this thing get by us, me and Dancre. We ain't goin' to let this double-crossing whelp do us, and we ain't goin' to let you spill the beans by killing him. We've struck something big. All right, we're goin' to cash in on it. We're goin' to sit down peaceable and Mr. Graydon is goin' to tell us what happened after he put you out, what dicker he made with the girl and all of that. If he won't do it peaceable, then Mr. Graydon is goin' to have things done to him that'll make him give up. That's all, Danc', let go his legs. Sterrett, if you kick up any more trouble until I give the word I'm goin' to shoot you. From now on I boss this crowd—me and Danc'. You get me, Sterrett?"

Graydon, head once more clear, slid a cautious hand down toward his pistol holster. It was empty. Soames grinned, sardonically.

"We got it, Graydon," he said. "Yours, too, Sterrett. Fair enough. Sit down, everybody."

He squatted by the fire, still keeping Sterrett covered. And after a moment the latter, grumbling, followed suit. Dancre dropped beside him.

"Come over here, Mr. Graydon," snarled Soames. "Come over and cough up. What're you holdin' out on us? Did you make a date with her to meet you after you got rid of us? If so, where is it—because we'll all go together."

"WHERE'D you hide those gold spears?" growled Sterrett. "You never let her get away with them, that's sure."

"Shut up, Sterrett," ordered Soames. "I'm holdin' this inquest. Still, there's something in that. Was that it, Graydon? Did she give you the spears and her jewelry to let her go?"

"I've told you," answered Graydon. "I asked for nothing, but I took nothing. Sterrett's drunken folly had put us all in jeopardy. Letting the girl go free was the first vital step toward our own safety. I thought it was the best thing to do. I still think so."

"Yes?" sneered the lank New Englander, "is that so? Well, I'll tell you, Graydon, if she'd been an Indian maybe I'd agree with you. But not when she was the kind of lady Sterrett says she was. No sir, it ain't natural. You know damned well that if you'd been straight you'd have kept her here till Danc' and I got back. Then we could all have got together and figured what was the best thing to do. Hold her until her folks came along and paid up to get her back undamaged. Or give her the third degree till she gave up where all that gold and stuff she was carrying came from. That's what you would have done, Mr. Graydon, if you weren't a dirty, lyin', double-crossin' hound."

Graydon's temper awakened under the insult, his anger flared up.

"All right, Soames," he said. "I'll tell you. What I've said about freeing her for our own safety is true. But outside of that I would as soon have thought of trusting a child to a bunch of hyenas as I would of trusting that girl to you three. I let her go a damned sight more for her sake than I did for our own. Does that satisfy you?"

"Aha!" jeered Dancre. "Now I see. Here is this strange lady of so much

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wealth and beauty. She is too pure and good for us to behold. He tell her so and bids her fly. 'My hero,' she say, 'take all I have and give up this bad company.' 'No, no,' he tell her, t'inking all the time if he play his cards right he get much more, and us out of the way so he need not divide, 'no, no,' he tell her. 'But long as these bad men stay here you will not be safe.' 'My hero,' say she, 'I will go and bring back my family and they shall dispose of your bad company. But you they shall reward, my hero, *oui!*' Aha, so that is what it was!"

Graydon flushed; the little Frenchman's malicious travesty shot uncomfortably close. After all, Suarra's unsought promise to save him if she could might be construed as Dancre had suggested. What if he told them that he had warned her that, whatever the fate in store for them, he was determined to share it and that he would stand by them to the last? They would not believe him.

Soames had been watching him closely.

"By Heaven, Danc'," he said. "I guess you've hit it. He changed color. He's sold us out."

For a moment he raised his automatic, held it on Graydon. Sterrett touched his hand.

"Don't shoot him, Soames," he begged. "Give him to me. I want to break his neck."

Soames pushed him away, lowered the gun.

"No," he said, deliberately. "This is too big a thing to let slip by bein' too quick on the trigger. If your dope is right, Danc', and I guess it is, the lady was mighty grateful. All right—we ain't got her, but we have got him. As I figure it, bein' grateful, she won't want him to get killed. Well, we'll trade him for what they got that we want. Tie him up!"

He pointed the pistol at Graydon, Sterrett and Dancre went into the tent, returned with ropes from the pack saddles. Unresisting, Graydon let them bind his wrists. They pushed him over to one of the trees and sat him on the ground with his back against its bole. They passed a rope under his arms and hitched it securely around the trunk. Then they tied his feet.

"Now," said Soames, "if her gang show up in the morning, we'll let 'em see you and find out how much you're worth. They won't rush us; there's bound to be a palaver. And if they don't come to terms, well, Graydon, the first bullet out of this gun goes through your guts. That'll give you time to see what goes on before you die!"

Graydon did not answer him. Nothing that he might say, he knew, would change them from their purpose. He closed his eyes, reviewing that strange dream of his—for dream he now believed it, thrust back among the realities of the camp. A dream borne of Suarra's words and that weird bracelet of the dinosaurs from which gleamed the purple orbs of the serpent woman.

Once or twice he opened his eyes and looked at the others. They sat beside the fire, heads close together, talking in whispers, their faces tense, and eyes a-glitter with greed, feverish with the gold lust.

And after a while Graydon's head dropped forward. He slept.

CHAPTER IV

THE WHITE LLAMA

IT WAS dawn when Graydon awakened. Some one had thrown a blanket over him during the night, but he was, nevertheless, cold and stiff. He drew his legs up and down painfully, trying to start the sluggish blood. He

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heard the others stirring in the tent. He wondered which of them had thought of the blanket, and why he had been moved to that kindness.

Sterrett lifted the tent flap, passed by him without a word and went on to the spring. Graydon heard him drinking, thirstily. He returned and busied himself about the fire. There was an oddly furtive air about the big man. Now and then he looked at the prisoner, but with neither anger nor resentment. Rather were his glances apologetic, ingratiating. He slipped at last to the tent, listened, then trod softly over to Graydon.

"Sorry about this," he muttered. "But I can't do anything with Soames or Dancre. Had a hard time persuading 'em even to let you have that blanket. Here take a drink of this."

He pressed a flask to Graydon's lips. He took a swallow; it warmed him.

"Sh-h," warned Sterrett. "Don't bear any grudge. Drunk last night. I'll help you—" He broke off, abruptly; busied himself with the burning logs. Out of the tent came Soames. He scanned Sterrett suspiciously, then strode over to Graydon.

"I'm goin' to give you one last chance, Graydon," he began without preliminary. "Come through clean with us on your dicker with the girl and we'll take you back with us and all work together and all share together. You had the edge on us yesterday and I don't know that I blame you. But it's three to one now and the plain truth is you can't get away with it. So why not be reasonable?"

"What's the use of going over all that again, Soames?" Graydon asked wearily. "I've told you everything. If you're wise, you'll let me loose, give me my guns and I'll fight for you when the trouble comes. For trouble is coming man, sure—big trouble."

"Yeh?" snarled the New Englander. "Tryin' to scare us, are you? All right, there's a nice little trick of drivin' a wedge under each of your finger nails and a-keepin' drivin' 'em in. It makes 'most anybody talk after a while. And if it don't there's the good old fire dodge. Rollin' your feet up to it, closer and closer and closer. Yes, anybody'll talk when their toes begin to crisp up and toast."

Suddenly he bent over and sniffed at Graydon's lips.

"So that's it!" He faced Sterrett, tense, gun leveled from his hip pocket straight at the giant. "Been feedin' him liquor, have you? Been talkin' to him, have you? After we'd settled it last night that I was to do all the talkin'. All right, that settles you, Sterrett. Dancre! Danc'! Come here, quick!" he roared.

The Frenchman came running out of the tent.

"Tie him up." Soames nodded toward Sterrett. "Another damned double-crosser in the camp. Gave him liquor. Got their heads together while we were inside. Tie him."

"But Soames," the Frenchman was hesitant, "if we have to fight the Indians it is not well to have half of us helpless, no. Perhaps Sterrett he did nothing—"

"If we have to fight, two men will do as well as three," said Soames. "I ain't goin' to let this thing slip through my fingers, Danc'. I don't think we'll have to do any fightin'. If they come, I think it's goin' to be a tradin' job. Sterrett's turnin' traitor, too. Tie him, I say."

"Well, I don't like it—" began Dancre; Soames made an impatient motion with his automatic; the little Frenchman went to the tent, returned with a coil of rope, sidled up to Sterrett.

"Put up your hands," ordered Soames. Sterrett swung them up. But in mid swing they closed on Dancre,

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lifted him like a doll and held him between himself and the gaunt New Englander.

"Now shoot, damn you," he cried, and bore down on Soames, meeting every move of his pistol arm with Dancre's wriggling body. Then his own right hand swept down to the Frenchman's belt, drew from the holster his automatic, leveled it over the twisting shoulder at Soames.

"Drop your gun, Yank," grinned Sterrett triumphantly. "Or shoot if you want. But before your bullet's half through Dancre here, by Heaven I'll have *you* drilled clean!"

There was a momentary, sinister silence. It was broken by a sudden pealing of tiny golden bells. Their chiming cleft through the murk of murder that had fallen on the camp; lightened it; dissolved it as the sunshine does a cloud. Graydon saw Soames's pistol drop from a hand turned nerveless; saw Sterrett's iron grip relax and let Dancre fall to the ground; saw the heads of Dancre and Sterrett and Soames stiffen and point to the source of that aureate music like hounds to a huddling covey.

His own eyes followed.

Through the trees, not a hundred yards away, was Suarra!

And there was no warrior host around her. She had brought with her neither avengers nor executioners. With her were but two followers. Yet even at his first glimpse it came to Graydon that if these were servants, they were two strange, strange servants indeed!

A cloak of soft green swathed the girl from neck almost to slender feet. In the misty midnight hair gleamed a coronal of emeralds set in red gold, and bandlets of gold studded with the same virescent gems circled her wrists and ankles. Behind her paced sedately a snow white llama; there was a broad golden collar around its neck from which dropped the strands of golden bells that shook out the tinkling harmonies. Its eyes were blue and between them swayed a pendant of some gem, rosy as the fruit of rubies mated to white pearls. From each of its silvery silken sides a pannier hung, woven, it seemed, from shining yellow rushes.

And at the snow white llama's flanks were two figures, bodies covered by voluminous robes whose goods covered their faces. One was draped in darkest blue; he carried a staff of ebony and strode beside the llama soberly, something disconcertingly mathematical in each step he took. The other was in yellow; he carried a staff of vermilion and he fluttered and danced beside the beast, taking little steps backward and forward; movements that carried the weird suggestion that his robes clothed not a man but some huge bird.

SAVE for the tinkling of the bells there was no sound as they came on. Graydon's three jailers stared at the caravan, struck immobile with amazement, incredulous, like dreaming men. Graydon himself strained at his bonds, a sick horror in his heart. Why had Suarra returned deliberately back to this peril? He had warned her; she could not be so innocent as not to know what dangers threatened her at the hands of these men. And why had she come decked out with a queen's ransom in jewels and gold? Almost it seemed that she had done this deliberately; had deliberately arrayed herself to arouse to the full the very passions from which she had most to fear!

"Dieu!" It was Dancre, whispering. "The emeralds!"

"God—what a girl!" It was Sterrett, muttering; his thick nostrils distended, a red flicker in his eyes.

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Only Soames said nothing, perplexity, suspicion struggling through the blank astonishment on his bleak and crafty face. Nor did he speak as the girl and her attendants halted close beside him. But the doubt, the suspicion, in his eyes grew as he scanned her and the hooded pair, then sent his gaze along the path up which they had come searching every tree, every bush. There was no sign of movement there, no sound.

"Suarra!" cried Graydon, despairingly. "Suarra, why did you come back?"

Quietly, she stepped over to him, drew a dagger from beneath her cloak, cut the thong that bound him to the tree, slipped the blade under the cords about his wrists and ankles; freed him. He staggered to his feet.

"Was it not well for you that I did come?" she asked sweetly.

Before he could answer, Soames strode forward. And Graydon saw that he had come to some decision, had resolved upon some course of action. He made a low, awkward, half mocking, half respectful bow to the girl; then spoke to Graydon.

"All right," he said, "you can stay loose, as long as you do what I want you to. The girl's back and that's the main thing. She seems to favor you quite a lot, Graydon, an' maybe that's goin' to be damned useful. I reckon that gives us a way to persuade her to talk if how happens it she turns quiet like when I get to askin' her certain things—like where those emeralds come from an' how to get there an' the likes of that.

"Yes, sir, and you favor her. That's useful, too. I reckon you won't want to be tied up an' watch certain things happen to her, eh?" He leered at Graydon who curbed with difficulty the impulse to send his fist crashing into the cynical face. "But there's just one thing you've got to do if you want things to go along peaceable," Soames continued. "Don't do any talkin' to her when I ain't close by. Remember, I know the Aymara as well as you do. And I want to be right alongside listenin' in all the time, do you see? That's all."

He turned to Suarra, bowed again.

"Your visit has brought great happiness, maiden," he spoke in the Aymara. "It will not be a short one, if we have our way, and I think we *will* have our way." There was covert, but unmistakable menace in the phrase, yet if she noted it she gave no heed. "You are strange to us, as we must be to you. There is much for us each to learn, one of the other."

"That is true, stranger," she answered, tranquilly. "I think, though, that your desire to learn of me is much greater than mine to learn of you—since, as you surely know, I have had one not too pleasant lesson." She glanced at Sterrett."

"The lessons, sister," he told her bluntly, indeed brutally, "shall be pleasant or—not pleasant even as you choose to teach us or not to teach us—what we would learn."

This time there was no mistaking the covert menace in the words, nor did Suarra again let it pass. Her eyes blazed sudden wrath.

"Better not to threaten," she warned, her proud little head thrown haughtily back. "I, Suarra, am not used to threats, and if you will take my counsel you will keep them to yourself hereafter."

"Yes, is that so?" Soames took a step toward her, face grown grim and ugly; instantly Graydon thrust himself between him and the girl. There came a curious, dry chuckling from the hooded figure in yellow. Suarra started; her wrath, her hauteur vanished; she became once more naïve, friendly. She pushed Graydon aside.

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"I was hasty," she said to Soames. "Nevertheless it is never wise to threaten unless you know the strength of what it is you menace. Yet I know all that you wish to learn. You wish to know how I came by this—and this—and this—" She touched her coronal, her bracelets, her anklets. "You wish to know where they came from, and if there are more of them there, and if so how you may possess yourself of as much as you can carry. Well, you shall know all that. I have come to tell you."

At this astonishing announcement, apparently so frank and open, all the doubt and suspicion returned to Soames. Again his gaze narrowed and searched the trail up which Suarra and her caravan had come. It returned and rested on the girl; then scrutinized the two servitors who, Graydon now realized, had stood like images ever since that caravan had come to rest within the camp; motionless, and except for that one dry, admonitory chuckling, soundless.

AND as Graydon stood thus, considering, Dancre came up and gripped his arm.

"Soames," he said, and his voice and his hand were both shaking, "the baskets on the llama! They're not rushes—they're gold, pure gold, pure soft gold, woven like straw! *Dieu,* Soames, what have we struck!"

Soames's eyes glittered.

"Better go over and watch where they came up, Danc," he answered. "I don't quite get this. It looks too cursed easy to be right. Take your rifle and squint out from the edge of the trees while I try to get down to what's what."

As though she had understood the words, Suarra struck in:

"There is nothing to fear. No harm will come to you from me. If there is any evil in store for you, you yourselves shall summon it—not us. I have come to show you the way to treasure. Only that. Come with me and you shall see where jewels like 'these'—she touched the gems meshed in her hair—"grow like flowers in a garden. You shall see the gold come streaming forth, living, from"—she hesitated; then went on—"come streaming forth like water. You may bathe in that stream, drink from it if you will, carry away all that you can bear. Or if it causes you too much sorrow to leave it, why—you may stay with it forever; nay, become a part of it, even. Men of gold!"

She laughed; turned from them; walked toward the llama.

The men stared at her and at each other; on the faces of three, greed and suspicion; bewilderment on Graydon's, for beneath the mockery of those last words he had sensed the pulse of the sinister.

"It is a long journey," she faced them, one hand on the llama's head. "You are strangers here; indeed, my guests—in a sense. Therefore a little I have brought for your entertainment before we start."

She began to unbuckle the panniers. And Graydon was again aware that these two attendants of hers were strange servants—if servants, indeed, they were. They made no move to help her. Silent they still stood, motionless, faces covered. In their immobility he felt something implacable, ominous, dread. A little shiver shook him.

He stepped forward to help the girl. She smiled up at him, half shyly. In the midnight depths of her eyes was a glow warmer far than friendliness; his hands leaped to touch hers.

Instantly Soames stepped between them.

"Better remember what I told you,"

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he snapped; then ran his hand over the side of the pannier. And Graydon realized that Dancre had spoken truth. The panniers were of gold; soft gold, gold that had been shaped into willow-like withes and plaited.

"Help me," came Suarra's voice. Graydon lifted the basket and set it down beside her. She slipped a hasp; bent back the soft metal withes; drew out a shimmering packet. She shook it and it floated out on the dawn wind, a cloth of silver. She let it float to the ground where it lay like a great web of gossamer spun by silver spiders.

Then from the hamper she brought forth cups of gold and deep, boat-shaped golden dishes, two tall ewers whose handles were slender carved dragons, their scales made, it seemed, from molten rubies. After them small golden-withed baskets. She set the silver cloth with the dishes and the cups. She opened the little baskets. In them were unfamiliar, fragrant fruits and loaves and oddly colored cakes. All these Suarra placed upon the plates. She dropped to her knees at the head of the cloth, took up one of the ewers, snapped open its lid and from it poured into the cups clear amber wine.

She raised her eyes to them; waved a white hand, graciously.

"Sit," she said. "Eat and drink."

She beckoned to Graydon; pointed to the place beside her. Silently, gaze fixed on the glittering board, Sterrett and Dancre and Soames squatted before the other plates. Soames thrust out a hand, took up one of these and weighed it, scattering what it held upon the ground.

"Gold!" he breathed.

Sterrett laughed, crazily; raised his wine-filled goblet to his lips.

"Wait!" Dancre caught his wrist. "Eat and drink, she said, eh? Eat, drink and be merry—for to-morrow we die, eh—is that it, Soames?"

The New Englander started, face once more dark with doubt.

"You think it's poisoned?" he snarled.

"Maybe so—maybe no." The little Frenchman shrugged. "But I think it better we say 'After you' to her."

"They are afraid. They think it is—that you have—" Graydon stumbled.

"That I have put sleep—or death in it?" Suarra smiled. "And you?" she asked.

For answer Graydon raised his cup and drank it. For a moment she contemplated him, approval in her gaze.

"Yet it is natural." She turned to Soames. "Yes, it is natural that you three should fear this, since, is it not so—it is what you would do if you were we and we were you? But you are wrong. I tell you again that you have nothing to fear from me—who comes only to show you a way. I tell you again that what there is to fear as we go on that way is that which is in yourselves."

She poured wine into her own cup, drank it; broke off a bit of Sterrett's bread and ate it; took a cake from Dancre's plate and ate that, set white teeth in one of the fragrant fruits.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked them. "Oh, be very sure that if it were in my wish to bring death to you it would be in no such form as this."

FOR a moment Soames glared at her. Then he sprang to his feet, strode over to the hooded, watching figures and snatched aside the cowl of the blue-robed one. Graydon with a cry of anger leaped up and after him—then stood, turned to stone.

For the face that Soames had unmasked was like old ivory and it was

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All his consciousness had been gathered into the focus of the weird invading eyes . . . moonlight wastes flashed beneath him as they drew him on . . . he caught wheeling sight of carved colossi; gigantic shapes bathed in a milky flood of light . . .

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seamed with a million lines; a face stamped with unbelievable antiquity, but whose eyes were bright and as incredibly youthful as their setting was ancient.

The face of one of those two draped figures that had crouched upon the throne in that mystic temple of his dream!

The face of one of those mysterious Lords who with that being of coiled beauty Suarra had named the Snake Mother, had listened to, and as he then had thought had granted, Suarra's unknown prayer!

A dozen heart beats it may be the gaunt New Englander stared into that inscrutable, ancient face and its unwinking brilliant eyes. Then he let the hood drop and walked slowly back to the silver cloth. And as he passed him, Graydon saw that his face was white and his gaze was fixed as though he had looked into some unnamable terror. And as he threw himself down at his place and raised his wine cup to his lips, his hand was shaking.

The spell that had held Graydon relaxed. He looked at the black-robed figure; it stood as before, motionless and silent. He dropped beside Suarra. Soames, hand still shaking, held out to her his empty goblet. She filled it; he drained it and she filled it again. And Graydon saw now that Sterrett's ruddy color had fled and that Dancre's lips were twitching and had grown gray.

What was it that they had seen in that seamed ivory face, that had been invisible to him? What warning? What vision of horror?

They drank thirstily of the wine. And soon it had taken effect; had banished their terror—whatever it had been. They ate hungrily of the loaves, the little cakes, the fruit. At last the plates were empty—the tall ewer, too.

"And now," Suarra said as she arose, "it is time for us to go, if you desire still to be led to that treasure house."

"We're going, sister, never fear." Soames grinned half drunkenly, and lurched to his feet. "Danc', stay right here and watch things. Come on, Sterrett." He slapped the giant on the back, all distrust, for the moment at least, vanished. "Come on, Graydon, let bygones be by-gones."

Sterrett laughed vacantly, scrambled up and linked his arms in the New Englander's. Together they made their way to the tent. Dancre, rifle ready, settled down on a boulder just beyond the fire and began his watch.

Graydon lingered behind. Soames had forgotten him, for a little time at least; he meant to make the best of that time with this strange maid whose beauty and sweetness had netted heart and brain as no other woman ever had. He came close to her, so close that the subtle fragrance of her cloudy hair rocked his heart, so close that her shoulder touching his sent through him little racing, maddening flames.

"Suarra—" he began hoarsely. Swiftly she turned and silenced him with slender fingers on his lips.

"Not now," she whispered. "You must not tell me what is in your heart, O man to whom my own heart is eager to speak. Not now—nor, it may be, ever." There was sorrow in her eyes, longing, too; quickly she veiled them. "I promised you that I would save you, if I could. And of that vow was born another promise." His glance sought the two silent, quiet shapes in blue and in yellow, meaningly. "So speak to me not again," she went on hurriedly, "or if you must, let it be of commonplace things. Not of that which is in your heart, or mine!"

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Stupidly he looked at her. What did she mean by a promise born of that she had made to him? A vow to these—Lords; to the mystery of the serpent's coils and woman's face and breasts—the Snake Mother? A vow in exchange for his life? Had they seen deeper into her heart than he, and found there in very truth what he had half dreamed might be? Had she vowed to them to hold him apart from her if they would grant him protection, his comrades, too—if they would have it?

Suddenly it came to him that for him, at least, the life she would save by such a barter would not be worth living.

She was packing away the golden cups and dishes. Mechanically he set about helping her. And, save for what he handled, he thought with grim humor, this was a commonplace thing enough surely to satisfy her. She accepted his aid without comment, looked at him no more. And after a while the fever in his blood cooled, his hot revolt crystallized into cold determination. For the moment he would accept the situation. He would let matters develop. His time would come. He could afford to wait.

Without a word when the last shining cup was in the pannier and the mouth of the latter closed he turned and strode to the tent to get together his duffle, pack his burro. The voices of Sterrett and Soames came to him; he hesitated; listened.

"What it was when I looked into his damned wrinkled old face I don't know," he heard Soames say. "But something came over me, Sterrett. I can't remember, only that it was like looking over the edge of the world into hell!"

"I know." Sterrett's voice was hoarse. "I felt the same way."

"Hypnotism," said Soames, "that's what it was. The Indian priests down here know how to work it. But he won't catch me again with that trick. I'll shoot. You can't hypnotize a gun."

"But they're not Indians, Soames," came Sterrett's voice. "They're whiter than you and me. What are they? And the girl—Heavens—"

"What they are we'll find out, never fear," grunted the New Englander. "To hell with the girl. Take her if you can get her. But I'd go through a dozen hells to get to the place where that stuff they're carryin' samples of comes from. Man, with what we could carry out on the burros and the llama and come back for—man, we could buy the world!"

"Yes—unless there's a trap somewhere," said Sterrett, dubiously.

"WE'VE got the cards in our hands." Plainly the drink was wearing off Soames; all his old confidence and cunning were returning. "What's against us? Two old men and a girl. Now I'll tell you what I think. I don't know who or what they are, but whoever or whatever, you can bet there ain't many of 'em. If there was, they'd be landin' on us hard. No—they're damned anxious to get us away and they're willin' to let us get out with what we can to get us away. Poor boobs, they think if they give us what we want now we'll slip right off and never come back. And as for what they are, well, I'll tell you what I think—half-breeds. The Spanish were down here; maybe they bred in with the Incas. There's probably about a handful left. They know we could wipe 'em out in no time. They want to get rid of us, quick and cheap as possible. And the three of us could wipe 'em out."

"Three of us?" asked Sterrett. "Four you mean. There's Graydon."

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"Graydon don't count, the damned crook. Thought he'd sold us out, didn't he? All right, we'll fix Mr. Graydon when the time comes. Just now he's useful to us on account of the girl. She's stuck on him. But when the time comes to divide, there'll only be three of us. And there'll only be two of us if you do anything like you did this morning."

"Cut that out, Soames," growled the giant. "I told you it was the drink. I'm through with that now that we've seen this stuff. I'm with you to the limit. Do what you want with Graydon. But save the girl for me. I'd be willing to make a bargain with you on that—give up a part of my share."

"Oh, hell," drawled Soames. "We've been together a good many years, Bill. There's enough and plenty for the three of us. You can have the girl for nothing."

Little flecks of red danced before Graydon's eyes. With his hand stretched to tear open the tent flap and grapple with these two who could talk so callously and evilly of Suarra's disposal, he checked himself. That was no way to help her. Unarmed, what could he do against these armed adventurers? Nothing. Some way he must get back his own weapons. And the danger was not imminent. They would do nothing before they reached that place of treasure to which Suarra had promised to lead them.

There had been much of reason in Soames's explanation of the mystery.

That vision of his—what was it after all but an illusion? He remembered the sensation that had caught him when he had first seen those brilliant purple jewels in Suarra's bracelet. The feeling that he looked along them for great distances back to actual eyes of which the purple jewels were but prolongations. That vision of his—was it not but a dream induced by those jewels? A fantasy of the subconsciousness whipped out of it by some hypnotic quality they possessed? Science, he knew, admits that some gems hold this quality—though why they do science cannot tell. Dimly he remembered that he had once read a learned article that had tried to explain the power. Something about the magnetic force in light; a force within those vibrations we call color. Something about this force being taken up by the curious mechanism of rods and cones in the retina which flashes the sensations we call color along the optic nerves to the brain.

These flashes, he recalled the article had said, were actual though minute discharges of electricity. And since the optic nerves are not in reality nerves at all, but prolongations of the brain, this unknown force within the gems impinged directly upon the brain, stimulating some cells, depressing others, affecting memory and judgment, creating visions, disturbing all that secret world until the consciousness became dazzled, bewildered, unable to distinguish between reality and illusion.

So much for his vision. That the face of the figure in blue seemed to be one of those Lords he had seen in that vision—well, was not that but another illusion?

Soames might well be right, too, he thought, in his interpretation of Suarra's visit to the camp. If she had power behind her would she not have brought it? Was it not more reasonable to accept the New Englander's version of the thing?

And if that were so, then Suarra was but a girl with only two old men to help her. For Graydon had no doubt that the figure in yellow like that in blue was an old man, too.

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And all that meant that he, Graydon, was all of strength that Suarra could really count on to protect her.

He had spun his web of reasoning with the swiftness of a dream. When he had arrived at its last strand he stole silently back a score of paces; waited for a moment or two; then went noisily to the tent. For the first time in many hours he felt in full command of himself; thought he saw his way clear before him. Faintly he recognized that he had glossed over, set aside arbitrarily, many things. No matter—it was good to get his feet on earth again, to brush aside all these cobwebs of mystery, to take the common sense view. It was good and it was—safer.

He thrust aside the tent flap and entered.

"Been a long while comin'," snarled Soames, again his old, suspicious self. "Been talkin', after what I told you?"

"Not a word," answered Graydon cheerfully. He busied himself with his belongings. "By the way, Soames," he said casually, "don't you think it's time to stop this nonsense and give me back my guns?"

Soames made no answer.

"Oh, all right then," Graydon went on. "I only thought that they would come in handy when the pinch comes. But if you want me to look on while you do the scrapping—well, I don't mind."

"You'd better mind." Soames did not turn around, but his voice was deadly. "You'd better mind, Graydon. If a pinch comes, we're takin' no chances of a bullet in our backs. That's why you got no guns. And if the pinch does come—well, we'll take no chances on you anyway. Do you get me?"

Graydon shrugged his shoulders. In silence the packing was completed; the tent struck; the burros loaded.

Suarra stood awaiting them at the side of the white llama. Soames walked up to her, drew from its holster his automatic, balanced it in outstretched hand.

"You know what this is?" he asked her.

"Why, yes," she answered. "It is the death weapon of your kind."

"Right," said Soames. "And it deals death quickly, quicker than spears or arrows." He raised his voice so there could be no doubt that blue cowl and yellow cowl must also hear. "Now, sister, I and these two men here," he indicated Sterrett and Dancre, "carry these and others still more deadly. This man's weapons we have taken from him." He pointed to Graydon. "Your words may be clearest truth. I hope they are, for your sake and this man's and the two who came with you—him and him—" He wagged a long finger at Graydon, at blue cowl, at yellow cowl. "Quick death! We'll get them out of the way first. And we'll attend to you later, as it seems best to me."

He scanned her through slitted eyes that gleamed coldly.

"You understand me?" he asked, and grinned like a hungry wolf.

"I understand." Suarra's eyes and face were calm, but there was more than a touch of scorn in her golden voice. "You need fear nothing from us."

"We don't," said Soames. "But you have much to fear—from us."

Another moment he regarded her, menacingly; then shoved his pistol back into its holster.

"Go first," he ordered. "Your two attendants behind you. And then you." He pointed to Graydon. "We three march in the rear, with guns ready."

Without a word Suarra swung away at the white llama's head; behind her paced blue cowl and yellow. And a

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dozen paces behind them walked Graydon. Behind the file of burros strode giant Sterrett, lank Soames, little Dancre—rifles ready, eyes watchful.

And so they passed through the giant *algarrobas;* out into the oddly parklike spaces beyond.

CHAPTER V

THE THING THAT FLED

THEY had traveled over the savanna for perhaps an hour when Suarra abruptly turned to the left, entering the forest that covered the flanks of a great mountain. Soon the trees closed in on them. Graydon could see no trail, yet the girl went on surely, without pause. He knew there must be signs to guide her since her course took them now to one side, now to another; once he was certain that they had almost circled.

Yes, trail there must be, unless Suarra was purposely trying to confuse them to prevent them from return. He could see nothing around him but the immense tree trunks, while the thick roof of leaves shut out all sight of the sun and so hid this means of discovering direction.

Another hour went by and the way began to climb, the shade to grow denser. Deeper it became and deeper until the girl was but a flitting shadow. Blue robe he could hardly see at all, but yellow robe stood out sharply, his bird suggestion suddenly accentuated—as though he had been a monstrous yellow parrot.

Once or twice Graydon had glanced at the three men behind him. The darkness was making them more and more uneasy. They walked close together, eyes and ears obviously strained to catch first faint stirrings of ambush. And now, as the green gloom grew denser still, Soames strode forward and curtly ordered him to join Dancre and Sterrett. For an instant he hesitated; read murder in the New Englander's eyes; realized the futility of resistance and dropped back. Soames pressed forward until he was close behind blue cowl and yellow. They did not turn their heads nor did the girl.

Dancre motioned him in between himself and Sterrett, grinning wickedly.

"Soames has changed his plan," he whispered. "If there is trouble he shoot the old devils—quick. He keep the girl to make trade wit' her people. He keep you to make trade wit' the girl. Eh?"

Graydon did not answer. He had already realized what the maneuver meant. But a wave of jubilation swept over him. When the Frenchman had pressed close to him he had felt an automatic in his side pocket. If an attack did come, he thought, he would leap upon Dancre, snatch the pistol and gain for himself at least a fighting chance. He kept as close to him as he dared without arousing suspicion.

Darker grew the woods until the figures in front of him were only a moving blur. Then swiftly the gloom began to lighten. It came to him that they had been passing through some ravine, some gorge whose unseen walls had been pressing in upon them and that had now begun to retreat.

A few minutes longer and he knew he was right. Ahead of them loomed a prodigious doorway, a cleft whose sides reached up for thousands of feet. Beyond was a flood of sunshine, dazzling. Suarra stopped at the rocky threshold with a gesture of warning; peered through; beckoned them on.

Blinking, Graydon walked through the portal. Behind and on each side towered the mountain. He looked out over a broad grass-covered plain strewn with huge, isolated rocks rising from

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the green like menhirs of the Druids. There were no trees. The plain was dish-shaped; an enormous oval as symmetrical as though it had been molded by the thumb of Cyclopean potter. Straight across it, five miles or more away, the forests began again. They clothed the base of another gigantic mountain whose walls arose perpendicularly a mile at least in air. The smooth scarps described, he saw, an arc of a tremendous circle, as round as Fujiyama's sacred cone, but hundreds of times its girth.

Rushed back on Graydon the picture of that hidden circular valley with its wheeling, moon-bathed colossi and uprushing city of djinns into which last night he had dreamed the purple eyes of the Snake Mother had drawn him! Had it after all been no dream, but true vision? Were these rounded precipices the outer shell of that incredible place?

Suarra's story—true?

Shaken, he glanced toward her. She stood a dozen paces away, hand on the white llama's neck and gazing intently over the plain. There was anxiety in her gaze, but there was none in the attitude of those two strange servitors of hers. As silent, as unconcerned, as detached as ever, they seemed to await the girl's next move.

And now Graydon noted that they were on a wide ledge that bordered this vast oval bowl. This shelf was a full hundred feet higher than the bottom of the valley whose sides sloped up to it like the sides of a saucer. And, again carrying out that suggestion of huge dish, the ledge jutted out like a rim.

He guessed that there was a concavity under his feet, and that if one should fall over the side it would be well nigh impossible to climb back because of that overhang. The surface was about twelve feet wide, and more like road carefully leveled by human hands than work of nature. Its nearer boundary was a tree-covered wall of rock, unscalable. On one side the curving bowl of the valley with its weird monoliths and the circular scarp of the mysterious mountain; on the other the wooded cliff.

There was a stirring in the undergrowth where the trees ended their abrupt descent. A goatlike animal slipped out of the covert and paused, head high, nostrils testing the air.

"Meat!" exclaimed Sterrett. His rifle cracked. The beast sank to the path, twitched and lay still. Suarra leaped from the llama's side and faced the giant, eyes blazing wrath and behind that anger, or so it seemed to Graydon, fear.

"Fool!" she cried, and stamped her foot. "You fool! Get back to the cleft. Quick! All of you."

She ran to the llama; caught it by the bridle; drove it, the burros and the four men back to the shelter of the ravine mouth.

"You—" She spoke to Soames. "If you desire to reach that gold for which you thirst, see that this man uses no more that death weapon of his while we are on this path. Nor any of you. Now stay here, and be quiet until I bid you come forth."

She did not wait for reply. She ran to the cleft's opening and Graydon followed. She paused there, scanning the distant forest edge. And once more—and with greater force than ever before—the tranquillity, the inhuman immobility, the indifference of those two enigmatic servitors assailed him.

They had not moved from the path. Suarra took a step toward them, and half held out helpless, beseeching hands. They made no movement, and with a

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little helpless sigh she dropped her hands and resumed her scrutiny of the plain.

THERE flickered through Graydon a thought, a vague realization. In these two cloaked and hooded figures dwelt—power. He had not been wrong in recognizing them as the Two Lords of the luminous temple. But the power they owned would not be spent to save him or the three from any consequences of their own acts, would not be interposed between any peril that they themselves should invite.

Yes, that was it! There had been some vow—some bargain—even as Suarra had said. She had promised to save him, Graydon—if she could. She had promised the others treasures and freedom, if they could win them. Very well, the hooded pair would not interfere. But neither would they help. They were judges, watching a game. They had given Suarra permission to play that game, but left the playing of it rigidly up to her.

That nevertheless they would protect her he also believed. And with that conviction a great burden lifted from his mind. Her anxiety now he understood. It was not for herself, but for—him!

"Suarra," he whispered. She did not turn, but she quivered at his voice.

"Go back," she said. "Those for whom I watch have sharp eyes. Stay with the others—"

Suddenly he could have sworn that he heard the whirling beat of great wings over her head. He saw—nothing. Yet she lifted her arms in an oddly summoning gesture, spoke in words whose sounds were strange to him, all alien liquid labials and soft sibilants. Once more he heard the wing beats and then not far away but faint, so faint, a note of the elfin horn!

She dropped her arms, motioned him back to the others. From the dimness of the cleft he watched her. Slow minutes passed. Again he heard the horn note, the faint whirring as of swiftly beating pinions above her. And again could see nothing!

But as though she had received some message Suarra turned, the anxiety, the trouble gone from her face. She beckoned.

"Come out," she said. "None has heard. We can be on our way. But remember what I have said. Not a second time may you escape."

She marched on with the llama. When she reached the animal that had fallen to Sterrett's aim she paused.

"Take that," she ordered. "Throw it back among the trees as far as you can from this path."

"Hell, Soames," cried Sterrett. "Don't fall for that. It's good meat. I'll slip it in on one of the burros."

But Soames was staring at the girl.

"Afraid something'll track us by it?" he asked. She nodded. Some of the cynic evil fled from the New Englander's face.

"She's right." He spoke curtly to Sterrett. "Pick it up and throw it away. And do as she says. I think she's goin' to play square with us. No more shootin', d'you hear?"

Sterrett picked up the little animal and hurled it viciously among the trees.

The caravan set forth along the rim-like way. Noon came and in another ravine that opened upon the strange road they snatched from saddle bags a hasty lunch. They did not waste time in unpacking the burros. There was a little brook singing in the pass and from it they refilled their canteens, then watered the animals. This time Suarra did not join them, sitting aloof with blue cowl and yellow.

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By mid-afternoon they were nearing the northern end of the bowl. All through the day the circular mountain across the plain had unrolled its vast arc of cliff. And through the day Suarra's watch of its forest-clothed base had never slackened. A wind had arisen, sweeping toward them from those wooded slopes, bending the tall heads of the grass so far below them.

Suddenly, deep within that wind, Graydon heard a faint, far off clamor, an eerie hissing, shrill and avid, as of some onrushing army of snakes. The girl heard it, too, for she halted and stood tense, face turned toward the sounds. They came again—and louder. And now her face whitened, but her voice when she spoke was steady.

"Danger is abroad," she said. "Deadly danger for you. It may pass and—it may not. Until we know what to expect you must hide. Take your animals and tether them in the underbrush there." She pointed to the mountainside which here was broken enough for cover. "The four of you take trees and hide behind them. Tie the mouths of your animals that they may make no noise."

"So?" snarled Soames. "So here's the trap, is it? All right, sister, you know what I told you. We'll go into the trees, but—you go with us where we can keep our hands on you."

"I will go with you," she answered indifferently. "If those who come have not been summoned by the noise of that fool's death weapon"—she pointed at Sterrett—"you can be saved. If they have been summoned by it, none can save you."

Soames glared at her, then turned abruptly.

"Danc'," he ordered, "Sterrett—get the burros in. And Graydon, you'll stay with the burros and see they make no noise. We'll be right close, with the guns. And we'll have the girl."

Again the wind shrilled with the hissing.

"Be quick," cried Suarra.

Swiftly they hid themselves. When trees and underbrush had closed in upon them it flashed on Graydon, crouching behind the burros, that he had not seen the two cloaked familiars of Suarra join the hurried retreat and seek the shelter of the woods. He was at the edge of the path and cautiously he parted the bushes; peered through.

The two were not upon the rim!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, the same thought had come to Dancre. His voice came from a near-by bole.

"Soames—where those two old devils wit' the girl go?"

"Where'd they go?" Soames repeated blankly. "Why, they came in with us, of course."

"I did not see them," persisted Dancre. "I t'ink not, Soames. If they did, then where are they?"

"You see those two fellows out on the path, Graydon?" called Soames, anxiety in his tones.

"No," answered Graydon curtly.

Soames cursed wickedly.

"So that's the game, eh?" he grunted. "It's a trap! And they've cut out and run to bring 'em here!"

He dropped into the Aymara and spoke to Suarra.

"You know where those men of yours are?" he asked menacingly.

Graydon heard her laugh and knew that she was close beside the New Englander with Dancre and Sterrett flanking her.

"They come and go as they will," she answered serenely.

"They'll come and go as I will," he snarled. "Call them."

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"I call them," again Suarra laughed. "Why, they do not my bidding. Nay, I must do theirs—"

"Don't do that, Soames!" Dancre's cry was sharp, and Graydon knew that Soames must have made some threatening movement. "If they're gone, you cannot bring them back. We have the girl. Stop, I say!"

Graydon jumped to his feet. Bullets or no bullets, he would fight for her. As he poised to leap a sudden gust of wind tore at the trees. It brought with it a burst of the weird hissing, closer, strident, in it a devilish undertone that filled him with unfamiliar nightmarish terror.

Instantly came Suarra's voice.

"Down! Down, Graydon!"

Then Dancre's, quivering Graydon knew, with the same fear that gripped him:

"Down! Soames won't hurt her. For God's sake, hide yourself, Graydon, till we know what's coming!"

Graydon turned; looked out over the plain before he sank again behind the burros. And at that moment, from the forests which at this point of the narrowing bowl were not more than half a mile away, he saw dart out a streak of vivid scarlet. It hurled itself into the grass and scuttled with incredible speed straight toward one of the monoliths that stood, black and sheer a good three quarters of the distance across the disk-shaped valley and its top fifty feet or more above the green. From Graydon's own height he could see the scarlet thing's swift rush through the grasses. As he sank down it came to him that whatever it was, it must be of an amazing length to be visible so plainly at that distance. And what was it? It ran like some gigantic insect!

He parted the bushes, peered out again. The scarlet thing had reached the monolith's base. And as he watched, it raised itself against the rock and swarmed up its side to the top. At the edge it paused, seemed to raise its head cautiously and scan the forest from which it had come.

The air was clear, and against the black background of the stone, the vividly colored body stood out. Graydon traced six long, slender legs by which it clung to the rocky surface. There was something about the body that was monstrous, strangely revolting. In its listening, reconnoitering attitude and the shape of its head was something more monstrous still, since it carried with it a vague, incredible suggestion of humanness.

Suddenly the scarlet shape slipped down the rock breast and raced with that same amazing speed through the grasses toward where Graydon watched. An instant later there burst out of the forest what at first glance he took for a pack of immense hunting dogs—then realized that whatever they might be, dogs they certainly were not. They came forward in great leaps that reminded him of the motion of kangaroos. And as they leaped they glittered in the sun with flashes of green and blue as though armored in mail made of emeralds and sapphires.

Nor did ever dogs give tongue as they did. They hissed as they ran, shrilly, stridently, the devilish undertones accentuated. A monstrous, ear piercing sibilation that drowned all other sounds and struck across the nerves with fingers of unfamiliar primeval terror.

The scarlet thing darted to right, to left, frantically; then crouched at the base of another monolith, motionless.

And now, out of the forest, burst another shape. Like the questing creatures, this glittered, too, but with

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sparkles of black as though its body was cased in polished jet. Its bulk was that of a giant draft horse, but its neck was long and reptilian. At the base of that neck, astride it, he saw plainly the figure of—a man!

A dozen leaps and it was close behind the glittering pack, now nosing and circling between the first monolith and the woods.

"The Xinli," came Suarra's voice from above him.

The Xinli? It was the name she had given the beasts of the bracelet that held in their paws the disk of the Snake Mother!

The dinosaurs!

His own burro lay close beside him. With trembling hand he reached into a saddlebag and drew out his field glasses. He focused them upon the pack. They swam mistily in the lenses, then sharpened into clear outline. Directly in his line of vision, in the center of the lens, was one of the creatures that had come to gaze, that stood rigidly, its side toward him, pointing like a hunting dog. The excellent glasses brought it so closely to him that he could stretch out a hand it seemed, and touch it.

And it was—a dinosaur!

Dwarfed to the size of a Great Dane dog, still there was no mistaking its breed—one of those leaping, upright-walking monstrous lizards that millions of years ago had ruled earth and without whose extinction, so science taught, man could never have arisen ages later to take possession of this planet. Graydon could see its blunt and spade shaped tail which, with its powerful, pillarlike hind legs, made the tripod upon which it squatted.

Its body was nearly erect. It had two forelegs or arms, absurdly short, but muscled as powerfully as those upon which it sat. It held these half curved as though about to clutch. And at their ends were—no paws; no—but broad hands, each ending in four merciless talons, of which one thrust outward like a huge thumb and each of them armed with chisel-like claws, whose edges, he knew, were sharp as scimitars.

WHAT he had taken for mail of sapphire and emerald were the scales of this dwarfed dinosaur. They overlapped one another like the scales upon an armadillo and it was from their burnished blue and green surfaces and edges that the sun rays struck out the jewel glints.

The creature turned its head upon its short, bull-like neck; it seemed to stare straight at Graydon. He glimpsed little fiery red eyes set in a sloping, bony arch of narrow forehead. Its muzzle was shaped like that of a crocodile, but smaller; truncated. Its jaws were closely studded with long, white and pointed fangs. The jaws slavered.

In a split second of time the mind of Graydon took in these details. Then beside the pointing dinosaur leaped the beast of the rider. Swiftly his eyes took it in—true dinosaur this one, too, but ebon scaled, longer tailed, the hind legs more slender and its neck a cylindrical rod five times thicker than the central coil of the giant boa. His eyes flashed from it to the rider.

Instantly Graydon knew him for a man of Suarra's own race, whatever that might be. There was the same ivory whiteness of skin, the same more than classic regularity of feature. The face, like hers, was beautiful, but on it was stamped an inhuman pride and a relentless, indifferent cruelty—equally as inhuman. He wore a close fitting suit of green that clung to him like a glove. His hair was a shining golden that gleamed in the sun with almost the bril-

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liancy of the hunting dinosaurs' scales. He sat upon a light saddle fastened to the neck of his incredible steed just where the shoulders met it. There were heavy reins that ran to the mouth of the snake-slender, snake-long head of the jetty dinosaur.

Graydon's glasses dropped from a nerveless hand. What manner of people were these who hunted with dinosaurs for dogs and dinosaur for steed!

His eyes fell to the base of the monolith where had crouched the scarlet thing. It was no longer there. He caught a gleam of crimson in the high grass not a thousand feet from him where he watched. Cautiously the thing was creeping on and on toward the rim. He wondered whether those spider legs could climb it, carry it over the outjutting of the ledge. He shuddered. A deeper dread grew. Could the dinosaur pack scramble or leap over that edge in pursuit? If so—

There came a shrieking clamor like a thousand fumaroles out of which hissed the hate of hell. The pack had found the scent and were leaping down in a glittering green and blue wave.

As they raced the scarlet thing itself leaped up out of the grasses not a hundred yards away.

And Graydon glared at it with a numbing, sick horror at his heart. He heard behind him an incredulous oath from Soames; heard Dancre groan with, he knew, the same horror that held him.

The scarlet thing swayed upon two long and slender legs, its head a full fifteen feet above the ground. High on these stilts of legs was its body, almost round and no larger than a child's. From its shoulders waved four arms, as long and as slender as the legs, eight feet or more in length. They were human arms, but human arms that had been stretched like rubber to thrice their normal length. The hands, or claws, were gleaming white. Body, arms, and legs were covered with a glistening, scarlet silken down.

The head was a human head!

A man's head and a man's face, brown skinned, hawk nosed, the forehead broad and intelligent, the eyes inordinately large, unwinking and filled with soul destroying terror.

A man spider!

A man who by some infernal art had been remodeled into the mechanical semblance of the spinning Arachnidae, without the stamp of his essential human origin having been wiped away in the process!

Only for a moment the man-spider stood thus revealed. The pack was rushing down upon it like a cloud of dragons. It screamed, one shrill, high pitched note that wailed like the voice of ultimate agony above the hissing clamor of the pack. It hurled itself, a thunderbolt of scarlet fear, straight toward the rim.

Beneath him, Graydon heard the sounds of frantic scrambling and a scratching. Two hands a full foot long, pallidly shining, shot over the rim of the ledge, gripping it with long fingers that were like blunt needles of bone, horn covered. They clutched and shot forward, behind them a length of spindling scarlet-downed arm.

It was the man-spider, drawing himself over—and the wave of dinosaurs was now almost at the spot from which it had hurled itself at the ledge!

The spell of terror upon Graydon broke.

"A gun," he gasped. "For God's sake, Soames, throw me a gun!"

Against his will, his gaze swept back to those weird, clutching hands. He thought he saw a rod dart out of the

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air and touch them—the long blue rod he had last seen carried by Suarra's hooded attendant in blue.

Whether he saw it, whether he did not, the needle-fingered claws opened convulsively; released their hold; slid off.

Glittering pack and ebon dinosaur steed alike were hidden from him by the overhang of the shelf-like road. But up from that hidden slope came a fiendish, triumphant screaming. An instant later and out into the range of his sight bounded the great black dinosaur, its golden haired rider shouting; behind it leaped the jewel scaled horde. They crossed the plain like a thunder cloud pursued by emerald and sapphire lightnings. They vanished into the forest.

"That danger is over," he heard Suarra say coolly. "Come. We must go on more quickly now."

SHE stepped out of the tree shadows and came tranquilly to him. Soames and Dancre and Sterrett, white faced and shaking, huddled close behind her. Graydon arose; managed to muster something of his old reckless air. She smiled at him, that half shy approval of him again in her eyes.

"It was just a weaver," she said gently. "We have many such. He tried to escape, or maybe Lantlu opened the door that he might try to escape, so he could hunt him. Lantlu loves to hunt with the Xinli. Or it may be that his weaving went wrong and this was his punishment. At any rate, it is fortunate that he did not gain this road, since if he had, the Xinli and Lantlu would surely have followed. And then—"

She did not end the sentence, but the shrug of her shoulders was eloquent.

"Just a weaver!" Soames broke in, hoarsely. "What do you mean? God in heaven, it had a man's head!"

"It was a man!" gasped Dancre.

"No." She paid no heed to him, speaking still to Graydon. "No, it was no man. At least no man as you are. Long, long ago, it is true, his ancestors were men like you. But not he. He was just—a weaver."

She stepped out upon the path. And Graydon, following, saw waiting there, as quietly, as silently, as tranquilly as though they had not stirred since first he and his companions had fled—the blue cowled and yellow cowled familiars of Suarra. Immobile, they waited while she led forth the white llama. And as she passed Graydon she whispered to him.

"The weaver had no soul. Yu-Atlanchi fashioned him as he was. But remember him, Graydon, when you come to our journey's end!"

She took her place at the head of the little caravan. Blue cowl and yellow paced behind her. Soames touched Graydon, woke him from the stark amaze into which those last words of hers had thrown him.

"Take your old place," said Soames. "We'll follow. Later; we want to talk to you, Graydon. Maybe you can get your guns back, if you're reasonable."

Suarra turned.

"Hurry," she urged; "the sun sinks and we must go quickly. Before to-morrow's noon you shall see your garden of jewels and the living gold streaming for you to do with it—or the gold to do with you—as you yourselves shall will it."

They set forth along the rimmed trail.

The plain was silent, deserted. From the far forests came no sound. Graydon, as he walked, strove to fit together in his mind all that swift tragedy he had just beheld and what the girl had told him. A weaver she had called the scarlet

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thing, and soulless and no man. Once more she had warned him of the power of that hidden, mysterious Yu-Atlanchi. What was it she had told him once before of that power? That is slew souls—or changed them!

A weaver? A man-spider who was soulless but whose ancestors ages ago had been men like himself—so she had said. Did she mean that in that place she called Yu-Atlanchi dwelt those who could reshape not only that unseen dweller in our bodies that we name the soul, but change at will the house of the soul?

A weaver? A spider-man whose arms and legs were slender and long and spiderlike—whose hands were like horn-covered needles of bone—whose body was like the round ball of a spider!

And she had said that the scarlet thing might have offended Lantlu by its weaving. Lantlu? The rider of the jetty dinousaur, of course.

A weaver! A picture flashed in his brain, clean cut as though his eyes beheld it. A picture of the scarlet thing in a great web, moving over it with his long and slender legs, clicking his needled hands, a human brain in a superspider's body, weaving, weaving—the very clothing that Suarra herself wore.

A vast ball of giant webs, each with its weaver—man headed, man faced, spider bodied!

Was that true picturing? Suddenly he was sure of it. Nor was it impossible. He knew that Roux, that great French scientist, had taken the eggs of frogs and by manipulating them had produced giant frogs and dwarfs, frogs with two heads and one body, frogs with one head and eight legs, three-headed frogs with legs like centipedes.

And other monsters still he had molded from the very stuff of life—monstrous things that were like nothing this earth had ever seen, nightmare things that he had been forced to slay—and quickly.

If Roux had done all this—and he had done it, Graydon knew—then was it not possible for greater scientists to take men and women and by similar means breed—such creatures as the scarlet thing? A man-spider?

Nature herself had given the French scientist the hint upon which his experiments had been based. Nature herself produced from time to time such abnormalities—human monsters marked outwardly and inwardly with the stigmata of the beast, the fish—even of the insect.

In man's long ascent from the speck of primeval jelly on the shallow shores of the first seas, he had worn myriad shapes. And as he moved higher from one shape to another his cousins kept them, becoming during the ages the fish he caught to-day, the horses he rode, the apes he brought from the jungles to amuse him in his cages. Even the spiders that spun in his gardens, the scorpion that scuttled from the tread of his feet, were abysmally distant blood brothers of his, sprung from the ancient Trilobite that in its turn had sprung from forms through which at last man himself had come.

Yes, had not all life on earth a common origin? Divergent now and myriad formed—man and beast, fish and serpent, lizard and bird, ant and bee and spider—all had once been in those little specks of jelly adrift in the shallow littorals of seas on an earth still warm and pulsating with the first throbs of life. *Protalbion,* he remembered Gregory of Edinburgh had named it—the first stuff of life from which all life was to emerge.

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Could the germs of all those shapes that he had worn in his progress to humanity be dormant in man? Waiting for some master hand of science to awaken them, and having awakened, blend them with the shape of man?

Yes! Nature had produced such monstrosities, and unless these shapes had lain dormant and been capable of awakening, even Nature could not have accomplished it. For even Nature cannot build something out of nothing. Roux had studied that work of hers, dipped down into the crucible of birth and molded there his monsters from these dormant forms, even as had Nature.

Might it not be then that in Yu-Atlanchi dwelt those who knew so well the secrets of evolution that in the laboratories of birth they could create men and women things of any shape desired?

A loom is but a dead machine on which fingers work more or less clumsily. The spider is both machine and living artisan, spinning, weaving, more surely, more exquisitely than could any dead mechanism worked by man. Who had approached the delicacy, the beauty, of the spider's web?

Suddenly Graydon seemed to look into a whole new world of appalling grotesquerie; soulless spider men and spider women spread out over great webs and weaving with needled fingers wondrous fabrics. Gigantic soulless ant men and ant women digging, burrowing, mazes of subterranean passages, conduits, *cloaca* for those who had wrought them into being. Strange soulless amphibian folk busy about that lake that in his vision had circled up to him before he saw the djinn city.

Phantasmagoria of humanity twinned with Nature's perfect machines while still plastic in the egg!

Came to him remembrance of Suarra's warning of what might await him at journey's end. Had she meant to prepare him for change like this?

Shuddering, he thrust away that nightmare vision!

CHAPTER VI

THE ELFIN HORNS

THE sun was halfway down the west when they reached the far end of the plain. Here another ravine cut through the rocky wall, and into it they filed. The trees closed in behind them, shutting out all sight of the bowl and the great circular mountain.

The new trail ran always upward, although at an almost imperceptible grade. Once, looking backward through a rift in the trees, Graydon caught a glimpse of the grassy slopes far beneath. For the rest the tree screened, tree bordered way gave no hint of what lay behind.

It was close to dusk when they passed out of the trees once more and stood at the edge of a little moor. A barren it was indeed, more than a moor. Its floor was clean white sand and dotted with hillocks, mounds flat topped as though swept by constant brooms of wind. Upon the rounded slopes of these mounds a tall grass grew sparsely. The mounds arose about a hundred feet apart with curious regularity; almost, the fancy came to him, as though they were graves in a cemetery of giants. The little barren covered, he estimated roughly, about five acres. Around its sides the forest clustered. Near by he heard the gurgling of a brook.

Straight across the sands Suarra led them until she had reached a mound close to the center of the barren. Here she halted.

"You will camp here," she said.

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"Water is close by for you and your animals. You may light a fire. And sleep without fear. By dawn we must be away."

She turned and walked toward another knoll a hundred feet or more away. The white llama followed her. Behind it stalked the silent pair. Graydon had expected Soames to halt her, but he did not. Instead his eyes flashed some crafty message to Dancre and Sterrett. It seemed to Graydon that they were pleased that the girl was not to share their camp; that they welcomed the distance she had put between them.

And their manner to him had changed. They were comradely once more.

"Mind taking the burros over to water?" asked Soames. "We'll get the fire going and chow ready."

He nodded and led the little beasts over to the noisy stream. Taking them back after they had drunk their fill he looked over at the mound to which Suarra had gone. There at its base stood a small square tent, glimmering in the twilight like silk and fastened to the ground at each corner by a golden peg. Tethered close to it was the white llama, placidly munching grass and grain. Its hampers of woven golden withes were gone. Nor were Suarra or the hooded men visible. They were in the little tent, he supposed, when they had carried the precious cargo off the llama.

At his own hillock a fire was crackling and supper being prepared. Sterrett jerked a thumb over toward the little tent.

"Got it out of the saddlebags," he said. "Looked like a folded up umbrella and went up like one. Who'd ever think to find anything like that in this wilderness!"

"Lots of things I t'ink in those saddlebags we have not yet seen maybe," whispered Dancre, an eager, covetous light in his eyes.

"You bet," said Soames. "And the loot we have seen's enough to set us all up for life, eh, Graydon?"

"She has promised you much more," answered Graydon. There was an undercurrent of sinister meaning in the New Englander's voice that troubled him.

"Yeah," said Soames, absently. "Yeah. I guess so. But—well, let's eat."

The four sat around the burning sticks as they had done many nights before his quarrel with Sterrett. And to Graydon's perplexity they ignored that weird tragedy of the plain. They pushed it aside, passed it by, seemed to avoid it. Their talk was all of treasure, and of what they would do with it when out of these mountains and back in their own world. Piece by piece they went over the golden hoard in the white llama's pack; gloatingly they discussed Suarra's emeralds and their worth.

"Hell! With just those emeralds none of us'd have to worry!" exclaimed Sterrett.

Graydon listened to them with increasing disquiet. They were mad with the gold lust—but there was something more behind their studied avoidance of the dragging down of the scarlet thing by the dinosaurs, this constant reference to the llama's treasure, the harking back to what ease and comfort and luxury it would bring them all. Something lurking unsaid in the minds of the three of them of which all this was but the preliminary.

At last Soames looked at his watch.

"Nearly eight," he said, abruptly. "Dawn breaks about five. Time to talk turkey. Graydon, come up close."

Graydon obeyed, wondering. The

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four drew into a cluster in the shelter of the knoll. From where they crouched Suarra's tent was hidden—as they were hidden to any watchers in that little silken pavilion looking now like a great golden moth at rest under the moonlight.

"GRAYDON," began the New Englander, "we've made up our minds on this thing. We're goin' to do it a little different. We're willin' and glad to let by-gones be by-gones. Hell! Here we are, four white men in a bunch of God knows what. White men ought to stick together. Ain't that so?"

Graydon nodded, waiting.

"All right," went on Soames. "Now here's the situation. I don't deny we're up against somethin' I don't know much about. We ain't equipped to go up against anything like that pack of hissin' devils we saw to-day. But—we can come back!"

Again Graydon nodded. They had decided then to go no farther. The lesson of the afternoon had not been lost. Soames would ask Suarra to lead them out of the haunted Cordillera. As for coming back—that was another matter. He would return. But he would come back alone—seek Suarra. Since well he knew no mysterious peril either to life or soul could keep him from her. But first he must see these men safe, wipe off the debt that he believed as one man of his race to another he owed them. He was glad, but the gladness was tempered with sudden doubt. Could the game be finished thus? Would Suarra and that pair of strange old men let them go?

Soames's next words brought him back to reality.

"There's enough stuff on that llama and the girl to set us all up right, yeah. But there's also enough to finance the greatest little expedition that ever struck the trail for treasure," he was saying. "And that's what we plan doin', Graydon. Get those hampers and all that's in 'em. Get the stuff on the girl. Beat it. An' come back. I'll bet those hissin' devils wouldn't stand up long under a couple of machine guns and some gas bombs! And when the smoke's cleared away we can lift all we want and go back and sit on top of the world. What you say to that?"

Graydon fenced.

"How will you get it?" he asked. "How will you get away with it?"

"Easy." Soames bent his head closer. "We got it all planned. There ain't any watch bein' kept in that tent, you can bet on that. They're too sure of us. All right, if you're with us, we'll just slip quietly down there. Sterrett and Danc' they'll take care of the old devils. No shootin'. Just slip their knives into their ribs. Me and you'll attend to the girl. We won't hurt her. Just tie her up and gag her. Then we'll stow the stuff on a couple of the burros, get rid of the rest and that damned white beast and beat it quick."

"Beat it where?" asked Graydon, striving to cover the hot anger that welled up in him. He slipped a little closer to Dancre, hand alert to seize the automatic in his pocket.

"We'll get out," replied Soames, confidently. "I've been figurin' out where we are and I saw a peak to the west there both Sterrett and me recognized. Looked like pretty open forest country between us, too. Once we're there I know where we are. And travelin' light and all night we can be well on our way to it by this time tomorrow."

Graydon thrust out a cautious hand, touched Dancre's pocket. The automatic was still there. He would try one last appeal—to fear.

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"But, Soames," he urged. "There would be pursuit. What would we do with those brutes you saw to-day on our track? Why, man, they'd be after us in no time. You can't get away with anything like that." Instantly he realized the weakness of that argument.

"Not a bit of it," Soames grinned evilly. "That's just the point. Nobody's worryin' about that girl. Nobody knows where she is. She was damned anxious not to be seen this afternoon. No, Graydon, I figure she slipped away from her folks to help you out. I take my hat off to you—you got her sure hooked. Nobody knows where she is, and she don't want anybody to know where she is.

"The only ones that might raise trouble is the two old devils. And a quick knife in their ribs'll put them out of the runnin' soon enough. Then there's only the girl. She'll be damned glad to show us the way out if chance we do get lost again. But me and Sterrett know that peak. We'll carry her along and when we get where we know we are we'll turn her loose to go home. None the worse off, eh, boys?"

Sterrett and Dancre nodded.

Graydon seemed to consider, fighting still for time. He knew exactly what was in Soames's mind—to use him in the cold blooded murder the three had planned and, once beyond the reach of pursuit, to murder him, too. Nor would they ever allow Suarra to return to tell what they had done. She too, would be slain—after they had done as they willed with her.

"Come on, Graydon," whispered Soames impatiently. "It's a good scheme and we can work it. Are you with us? If you ain't—well—"

His knife glittered in his hand. Simultaneously Sterrett and Dancre pressed close to him, knife too, in readiness, awaiting his answer.

Their movement had given him the one advantage he needed. He swept his hand down into the Frenchman's pocket, drew out the gun and as he did so, landed a sidewise kick that caught Sterrett squarely in the groin. The giant reeled back.

But before Graydon could cover Soames, Dancre's arms were around his knees, his feet torn from beneath him.

"Suar—" Graydon cried before he was down. At least his shout might waken and warn her. The cry was choked in mid-utterance. Soames's bony hand was at his throat. Down they crashed together.

Graydon reached up, tried to break the strangling clutch. It gave a little, enough to let him gasp in one breath. Instantly he dropped his hold on the New Englander's wrists, hooked the fingers of one hand in the corner of his mouth, pulling with all his strength. There was a sputtering curse from Soames and his hands let go. Graydon tried to spring to his feet, but one arm of the gaunt man slipped over the back of his head held his neck in the vise of bent elbow against his shoulder.

"Knife him, Danc'," growled Soames.

Graydon suddenly twisted, bringing the New Englander on top of him. He was only in time, for as he did so he saw Dancre strike, the blade barely missing Soames. The latter locked his legs around his, tried to jerk him over in range of the little Frenchman. Graydon sank his teeth in the shoulder so close to him. Soames roared with pain and wrath; threshed and rolled, trying to shake off the agonizing grip. Around them danced Dancre, awaiting a chance to thrust.

There came a bellow from Sterrett:

"The llama! It's running away! The llama!"

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Involuntarily, Graydon loosed his jaws. Soames sprang to his feet. Graydon followed on the instant, shoulder up to meet the blow he expected from Dancre.

"Look, Soames, look!" The little Frenchman was pointing. "They have put the hampers back and turned him loose. There he goes—wit' the gold—wit' the jewels!"

Graydon followed the pointing finger. The moon had gathered strength and under its flood the white sands had turned into a silver lake in which the tufted hillocks stood up like tiny islands. Golden hampers on its sides, the llama was flitting across that lake of silver a hundred paces away and headed, apparently, for the trail along which they had come.

"Stop it!" shouted Soames, all else forgotten. "After it, Sterrett! That way, Danc'! I'll head it off!"

THEY raced out over the shining barren. The llama changed its pace; trotted leisurely to one of the mounds and bounded up to its top.

"Close in! We've got it now," he heard Soames cry. The three ran to the hillock on which the white beast stood looking calmly around. They swarmed up the mound from three sides. Soames and Sterrett he could see; Dancre was hidden by the slope.

As their feet touched the sparse grass a mellow sound rang out, one of those elfin horns Graydon had heard chorusing so joyously about Suarra that first day. It was answered by others, close, all about. Again the single note. And then the answering chorus swirled toward the hillock of the llama, hovered over it and darted like a shower of winged sounds upon it.

He saw Sterrett stagger as though under some swift shock; whirl knotted arms around him as though to ward off attack!

A moment the giant stood thus, flailing with his arms. Then he cast himself to the ground and rolled down to the sands. Instantly the notes of the elfin horns seemed to swarm away from him, to concentrate around Soames. He had staggered, too, under the unseen attack. But he had thrown himself face downward on the slope of the mound and was doggedly crawling to its top. He held one arm shielding his face.

But shielding against what?

All that Graydon could see was the hillock top, and on it the llama bathed in the moonlight, the giant prone at the foot of the mound and Soames now nearly at its crest. And the horn sounds were ringing, scores upon scores of them, like the horns of a fairy hunt. But what it was that made those sounds he could not see. They were not visible; they cast no shadow.

Yet once he thought he heard a whirring as of hundreds of feathery wings.

Soames had reached the edge of the mound's flat summit. The llama bent its head, contemplating him. Then as he scrambled over that edge, thrust out a hand to grasp its bridle, it flicked about, sprang to the opposite side and leaped down to the sands.

And all that time the clamor of the elfin horns about Soames had never stilled. Graydon saw him wince, strike out, bend his head and guard his eyes as though from a shower of blows. Still he could see nothing. Whatever that attack of the invisible, it did not daunt the New Englander. He sprang across the mound and slid down its side close behind the llama. As he touched the ground Sterrett arose slowly to his feet. The giant stood swaying, half drunkenly, dazed.

The horn notes ceased, abruptly, as

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though they had been candlelights blown out by a sudden blast.

Dancre came running around the slope of the hillock. The three stood for a second or two, arguing, gesticulating. And Graydon saw that their shirts were ragged and torn and, as Soames shifted and the moonlight fell upon him, that his face was streaked with blood.

The llama was walking leisurely across the sands, as slowly as though it were tempting them to further pursuit. Strange, too, he thought, how its shape seemed now to stand forth sharply and now to fade almost to a ghostly tenuity. And when it reappeared it was as though the moonbeams thickened, whirled and wove swiftly and spun it from themselves. The llama faded, and then grew again on the silvery warp and woof of the rays like a pattern on an enchanted loom.

Sterrett's hand swept down to his belt. Before he could cover the white beast with the automatic, Soames caught his wrist. The New Englander spoke fiercely, wrathfully. Graydon knew that he was warning the giant of the danger of the pistol crack; urging silence.

Then the three scattered, Dancre and Sterrett to the left and right to flank the llama, Soames approaching it with what speed he might without startling it into a run. As he neared it, the animal broke into a gentle lope, heading for another hillock. And, as before, it bounded up through the sparse grass to the top. The three pursued, but as their feet touched the base of the mound once more the mellow horn sounded—menacingly, mockingly. They hesitated. And then Sterrett, breaking from Soames's control, lifted his pistol and fired. The silver llama fell.

"The fool! The damned fool!" groaned Graydon.

The stunned silence that had followed on the heels of the pistol shot was broken by a hurricane of the elfin horns. They swept down upon the three like a tempest. Dancre shrieked and ran toward the camp fire, beating the air wildly as he came. Halfway he fell, writhed and lay still. And Soames and the giant—they, too, were buffeting the air with great blows, ducking, dodging. The elfin horns were now a ringing, raging tumult—and death was in their notes!

Sterrett dropped to his knees, arose and lurched away. He fell again close to Dancre's body, covered his head with a last despairing gesture and lay—as still as the little Frenchman. And now Soames went down, fighting desperately to the last.

There on the sands lay the three of them, motionless, struck down by the invisible!

Graydon shook himself into action; leaped forward. He felt a touch upon his shoulder; a tingling numbness ran through every muscle. With difficulty he turned his head. Beside him was the old man in the blue robe, and it had been the touch of his staff that had sent the paralysis through Graydon. The picture of the clutching talons of the spider-man upon the edge of the rimmed road flashed before him. That same rod had then, as he had thought, sent the weird weaver to its death.

Simultaneously, as though at some command, the clamor of the elfin horns lifted from the sands, swirled upward and hung high in air—whimpering, whining, protesting.

He felt a soft hand close around his wrist. Suarra's hand. Again he forced his reluctant head to turn. She was at his right, and pointing.

On the top of the hillock the white llama was struggling to its feet. A band

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of crimson ran across its silvery flank, the mark of Sterrett's bullet. The animal swayed for a moment, then limped down the hill.

As it passed Soames it nosed him. The New Englander's head lifted. He tried to rise; fell back. Then with eyes fastened upon the golden panniers he squirmed up on hands and knees and began to crawl on the white llama's tracks.

The beast went slowly, stiffly. It came to Sterrett's body and paused again. And Sterrett's massive head lifted, and he tried to rise, and, failing even as had Soames, began, like him, to crawl behind the animal.

The white llama passed Dancre. He stirred and moved and followed it on knees and hands.

Over the moon-soaked sands, back to the camp they trailed—the limping llama, with the blood dripping drop by drop from its wounded side. Behind it three crawling men, their haggard, burning eyes riveted upon the golden withed panniers, three men who crawled, gasping like fish drawn up to shore.

Three broken men, from whose grim drawn faces glared that soul of greed which was all that gave them strength to drag their bodies over the shining sands.

CHAPTER VII

"COME BACK—GRAYDON!"

NOW llama and crawling men had reached the camp. The elfin horn notes were still. Graydon's muscles suddenly relaxed; power of movement returned to him.

With a little cry of pity Suarra ran to the white llama's side; caressed it, strove to stanch its blood.

Graydon bent down over the three men. They had collapsed as they had come within the circle of the camp fire. They lay now, huddled, breathing heavily, eyes fast closed. Their clothes had been ripped to ribbons.

And over all their faces, their breasts, their bodies, were scores of small punctures, not deep, their edges clean cut, as though they had been pecked out. Some were still bleeding; in others the blood had dried.

He ran to the rushing brook. Suarra was beside her tent, the llama's head in her arms. He stopped, unbuckled the panniers; let them slip away; probed the animal's wound. The bullet had plowed through the upper left flank without touching the bone, and had come out. He went back to his own camp, drew forth from his bags some medical supplies, returned and bathed and dressed the wound as best he could.

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He did it all silently, and Suarra was silent, too.

Her eyes were eloquent enough.

This finished, he went again to the other camp. The three men were lying as he left them. They seemed to be in a stupor. He washed their faces of the blood, bathed their strained bodies. He spread blankets and dragged the three upon them. They did not awaken. He wondered at their sleep—or was it coma?

The strange punctures were bad enough, of course, yet it did not seem to them that these could account for the conditions of the men. Certainly they had not lost enough blood to cause unconsciousness. Nor had any arteries been opened, nor was one of the wounds deep enough to have disturbed any vital organ.

He gave up conjecturing, wearily. After all, what was it but one more of the mysteries among which he had been moving? And he had done all he could for the three of them.

Graydon walked away from the fire, threw himself down on the edge of the white sands. There was a foreboding upon him, a sense of doom.

And as he sat there, fighting against the blackness gathering around his spirit, he heard light footsteps and Suarra sank beside him. Her cloudy hair caressed his own. His hand dropped upon hers, covering it. And after a shy moment her fingers moved, then interlaced with his.

"It is the last night—Graydon," she whispered, tremulously. "The last night! And so—they—have let me talk with you a while."

"No!" He caught her to him—fiercely. "There is nothing that can keep me from you now, Suarra, except—death."

"Yes," she said, and thrust him gently away. "Yes—it is the last night. There was a promise—Graydon. A promise that I made. I said that I would save you if I could. I asked the Two Lords. They were amused. They told me that if you could conquer the Face you would be allowed to go. I told them that you would conquer it. And I promised them that after that you would go. And they were more amused, asking me what manner of man you were who had made me believe you could conquer the Face."

"The Face?" questioned Graydon.

"The great Face," she said. "The Face in the Abyss. But of that I may say no more. You must—meet it."

"And these men, too?" he asked. "The men who lie there?"

"They are as already dead," she answered, indifferently. "Dead—and worse. They are already eaten!"

"Eaten!" he cried incredulously.

"Eaten," she repeated. "Eaten—body and soul!"

For a moment she was silent.

"I do not think," she began again. "I did not really think—that even you could conquer the Face. So I went to the Snake Mother, and she, too, laughed. But at the end, as woman to woman—since, after all, she *is* woman she promised me to aid you. And then I knew you would be saved, since the Snake Mother far excels the Two Lords in craft and guile. And she promised me, as woman to woman. The Two Lords know nothing of that," she added naively.

Of this, Graydon, remembering the youthful eyes in the old, old face that had weighed him in the temple of the shifting rays, had his doubts.

"So," she said, "was the bargain made. And so its terms must be fulfilled. You shall escape the Face, Graydon. But you must go."

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To that he answered nothing. And after another silence she spoke again, wistfully:

"Is there any maid who loves you—or whom you love—in your own land, Graydon?"

"There is none, Suarra," he answered.

"I believe you," she said simply. "And I would go away with you, if I might. But—they—would not allow it. And if I tried, they would slay you. Yes, even if we should escape—they—would slay you and bring me back. So it cannot be."

He thrilled to that, innocently self-revelant as it was.

"I am weary of Yu-Atlanchi," she went on somberly. "Yes, I am weary of its ancient wisdom and of its treasures and its people who are eternal—eternal at least as the world. I am one of them—and yet I long to go out into the new world—the world where there are babes, and many of them, and the laughter of children, and where life streams passionately, strong and shouting and swiftly, even though it is through the opened doors of Death that it flows. In Yu-Atlanchi those doors are closed, except to those who choose to open them. And life is a still stream, without movement. And there are few babes—and of the laughter of children—little."

"What are your people, Suarra?" he asked.

"The ancient people," she told him. "The most ancient. Ages upon ages ago they came down from the north where they had dwelt for other ages still. They were driven away by the great cold. One day the earth rocked and swung. It was then the great cold came down and the darkness and icy tempests and even the warm seas began to freeze. Their cities, so the legends run, are hidden now under mountains of ice. They journey south in their ships, bearing with them the Serpent people who had taught them most of their wisdom—and the Snake Mother is the last daughter of that people. They came to rest here. At that time the sea was close and the mountains had not yet been born. They found here hordes of the Xinli. They were larger, far larger than now. My people subdued them and tamed and bred them to their uses. And here for another age they practiced their arts and their wisdom, and learned more.

"Then there were great earth shakings and the mountains began to lift. Although all their wisdom was not great enough to keep the mountains from being born, it could control their growth around that ancient city and its plain that were Yu-Atlanchi. Slowly, steadily through another age the mountains arose. Until at last they girdled Yu-Atlanchi like a vast wall—a wall that could never be scaled. Nor did my people care; indeed, it gladdened them, since by then they had closed the doors of death and cared no more to go into the outer world. And so they have dwelt—for other ages more."

AGAIN she was silent, musing. Graydon struggled against his incredulity. A people who had conquered death? A people so old that their birthplace was buried deep beneath eternal ice? And yet, as to the last, at least—why not? Did not science teach that the frozen poles had once basked beneath a tropical sun? Expeditions had found at both of them the fossil forms of gigantic palms, strange animals, a flora and a fauna that could only have lived under tropical conditions.

And did not science believe that long, long ago the earth had tipped and that

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thus the frozen poles had come to be?

And inexplicable irritation filled him, instinctive revolt of the young against the very old.

"If your people are so wise," he questioned, "why do they not come forth and rule this world?"

"But why should they?" she asked in turn. "They have nothing more to learn. If they came forth what could they do but build the rest of the earth into likeness of that part in which they dwell? What use in that, Graydon? None. So they let the years stream by while they dream—the most of them. For they have conquered dream. Through dream they create their own worlds; do therein as they will; live life upon life as they will it. In their dreams they shape world upon world upon world, and each of their worlds is a real world to them. And so they let the years stream by while they live in dream! Why should they go out into this one world when they can create myriads of their own at will?"

Again she was silent.

"But they are barren, the dream makers," she whispered. "Barren! That is why there are few babes and little laughter of children in Yu-Atlanchi. Why should they mate with their kind, these women and men who have lived so long that they have grown weary of all their kind can give them? Why should they mate with their kind when they can create new lovers in dream, new loves and hates! Yea, new emotions, and forms utterly unknown to earth, each as he or she may will. And so they are—barren. Not alone the doors of death, but the doors of life are closed to them, the dream makers!"

"But you—" he began.

"I?" She turned a wistful face to him. "Did I not say that when they closed the doors of death the doors of life closed, too? For these are not really two, but only the two sides of the one door. Some there are always who elect to keep that door open, to live the life that is their own, to have no dealing with—dreams. My father and mother were of these. They took the hazard of death that they might love.

"Ancient arts, ancient wisdom," she went on. "Wisdom that perhaps you have rediscovered and call new. Wisdom you yet may gain. Wisdom that may never be yours—and thank whatever gods you worship that you have not."

"Such wisdom as shaped the weaver?" he asked.

"That! He was child's play," she answered. "A useful toy. There are far, far stranger things than the weaver in Yu-Atlanchi, Graydon."

"Suarra," he asked abruptly. "Why do you want to save me?"

A moment she hesitated; then:

"Because you make me feel as I have never felt before!" she whispered slowly. "Because you make me happy; because you make me sorrowful. When I think of you it is like warm wine in my veins. I want both to sing—and to weep. I want your touch—to be close to you. When you go, the world will be darkened. Life will be drab."

"Suarra!" he cried, and drew her, unresisting now, to him. His lips sought hers and her lips clung to his. A flame leaped through him. She quivered in his arms; was still.

"I will come back," he whispered. "I will come back, Suarra!"

"Come!" she sobbed. "Come back, Graydon!"

She thrust him from her, leaped to her feet.

"No! No!" she cried. "No, Graydon. I am wicked! No—it would be death for you!"

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"As God lives, Suarra," he said, "I will come back to you!"

She trembled; leaned forward, pressed her lips to his, slipped through his arms and ran to the silken pavilion. For an instant she paused there, stretched wistful arms to him; entered and was hidden within its folds.

"There seemed to come to him, faintly, heard only by heart—

"Come back! Come back to me!"

He threw himself down where their hands had clasped, where their lips had met. Hour after hour he lay there, thinking, thinking. His head dropped forward at last.

He carried her into his dreams.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FACE IN THE ABYSS

THE white sands of the barren were wan in the first gleaming of the dawn when Graydon awakened. He arose with the thought of Suarra warm around his heart. Chilling that warmth, swift upon him like a pall fell that bleak consciousness of doom against which he had struggled before he slept; and bleaker, heavier now; not to be denied.

A wind was sweeping down from the heights. Beneath it he shivered. He walked to the hidden brook; doffed clothing; dipped beneath its icy flow. Strength poured back into him at the touch of the chill current.

Returning, he saw Suarra, less than half clad, slip out of the silken tent. Clearly, she too, was bound for the brook. He waved a hand. She smiled; then long silken lashes covered the midnight eyes; rose-pearl grew her face, her throat, her breasts. She slipped back behind the silken folds.

He turned his head from her; passed on to the camp.

He looked down upon the three—gaunt Soames, little Dancre, giant Sterrett. He stopped and plucked from Soame's belt an automatic—his own. He satisfied himself that it was properly loaded, and thrust it into his pocket. Under Soames's left arm pit was another. He took it out and put it in the holster from which he had withdrawn his. He slipped into Sterrett's a new magazine of cartridges. Dancre's gun was ready for use.

"They'll have their chance, anyway," he said to himself.

He stood over them for a moment; scaned them. The scores of tiny punctures had closed. Their breathing was normal. They seemed to be asleep. And yet they looked like dead men. Like dead men, livid and wan and bloodless as the pallid sands beneath the growing dawn.

Graydon shuddered; turned his back upon them.

He made coffee; threw together a breakfast; went back to rouse the three. He found Soames sitting up, looking around him, dazedly.

"Come get something to eat, Soames," he said, and gently, for there was a helplessness about the gaunt man that roused his pity—black hearted even as the New Englander had shown himself. Soames looked at him, blankly; then stumbled up and stood staring, as though waiting for further command. Graydon leaned down and shook Sterrett by the shoulder. The giant mumbled, opened dull eyes; lurched to his feet. Dancre awakened, whimpering.

As they stood before him—gaunt man, little man, giant—a wonder, a fearful wonder, seized him. For these were not the men he had known. No! What was it that had changed these men so, sapped the life from them until they seemed, even as Suarra had said, already dead?

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A verse from the Rime of the Ancient Mariner rang in his ears—

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise."

Shuddering again, he led the way to the fire. They followed him, stiffly, mechanically, like automatons. And like automatons they took the steaming coffee from him and drank it; the food and swallowed it. Their eyes blank, devoid of all expression, followed his every movement.

Graydon studied them, the fear filled wonder growing. They seemed to hear nothing, see nothing—save for their recognition of himself—to be cut off from all the world. Suddenly he became conscious of others near him; turned his head and saw close behind him Suarra and the hooded pair. The eyes of Soames, of Sterrett and of Dancre turned with his own. And now he knew that not even memory had been left them! Blankly, with no recognition—unseeing—they stared at Suarra.

"It is time to start, Graydon," she said softly, her own eyes averted from their dead gaze. "We leave the llama here. It cannot walk. Take with you only your own animal, your weapons and what belongs to you. The other animals will stay here."

He chilled, for under her words he read both sentence of death and of banishment. Death of all of them perhaps—banishment for him even if he escaped death. In his face she read his heart, accurately; tried to soften his sorrow.

"They may escape," she continued hastily. "And if they do, the animals will be here awaiting them. And it is well for you to have your own with you, in case—in case—"

She faltered. He shook his head.

"No use, Suarra," he smiled. "I understand."

"Oh, trust me, trust me," she half sobbed. "Do as I say, Graydon."

He said no more. He unhobbled his burro; fixed the saddlebags; took his own rifle and strapped it to them. He picked up the rifles of the others and put them in their hands. They took them, as mechanically as they had the coffee and the food.

Now blue cowl and yellow swung into the lead, Suarra at their heels.

"Come on, Soames," he said. "Come, Sterrett. It's time to start, Dancre."

OBEDIENTLY they swung upon the trail, marching side by side—gaunt man at left, giant in the center, little man at right. Like marionettes they marched, obediently, unquestioning, without word. If they knew the llama and its treasures were no longer with them, they gave no sign. If they knew Graydon again carried his guns, they give no sign either.

Another line of the "Rime" echoed in his memory—

"They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—"

Graydon swung in behind them, the patient burro trotting at his side.

They crosed the white sands, entering a broad way stretching through close growing, enormous trees, as though it had once been a road of stone upon whose long deserted surface the leaves had rotted for centuries; upon which turf had formed, but in which no trees had been able to get root hold. And as they went on, he had evidence that it had been actually such a road, for where there had been washouts the faces of gigantic cut and squared granite blocks were exposed.

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For an hour they passed along this ancient buried trail. They emerged from it, abruptly, out upon a broad platform of bare rock. Before them were the walls of a split mountain. Its precipices towered thousands of feet. Between them, like a titanic sword cut, was a rift, a prodigious cleavage which widened as it reached upward as though each side had shrunk away from the splitting blade as it had struck downward. The platform was the threshold of this rift. Fifty feet wide from edge to edge it ran. At each edge stood a small, conical shaped building—temple or guard house— whose crumbling stones were covered with a gray lichen so ancient looking that it might have been withered old Time's own flower.

The cowled figures neither turned nor stopped. They crossed the threshold between the ruined cones; behind them Suarra; and after her, never hesitating, the stiffly marching three. Then over it went Graydon and the burro.

The way led downward at an angle barely saved from difficult steepness. No trees, no vegetation of any kind, could he see—unless the ancient, gray and dry lichen that covered the road and whispered under their feet could be called vegetation. But it gave resistance, that lichen; made the descent easier. It covered the straight rock walls that arose on each side.

The gorge was dark, as he had expected. The light that fell through its rim thousands of feet overhead was faint. But the gray lichens seemed to take it up and diffuse it. It was not darker than an early northern twilight. Every object was plainly visibly.

Down they went and ever down; for half an hour; an hour. Always straight

Say good-bye to wiry bristles–
To beards that look like full-blown thistles–
Use Thin Gillettes–save dough and time!
Four in a pack cost just a dime.
Top quality at rock-bottom price
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10¢
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ahead the road stretched, never varying in its width and growing no darker, even the gray lichens lightened it. He estimated its drop was about fifteen feet in the hundred. He looked back and upward along its narrowing vista. They must be, he thought, half a mile or more below the level of the rift threshold.

The road angled. A breast of rock jutted abruptly out of the cliff, stretching from side to side like a barrier. The new road was narrowed, barely wide enough for the three marionettes in front to walk on side by side. As they wheeled into it Graydon again felt a pang of pity. They were like doomed men marching to execution; hopeless; helpless and—drugged. Nay, they were men who had once been slain and drawn inexorably on to a second death!

Never speaking, never turning, with mechanical swing of feet, rifles held slack in limp arms, their march was a *grotesquerie* tinged with horror.

The new road was darker than the old. He had an uneasy feeling that the rocks were closing high over his head; that what they were entering was a tunnel. The gray lichens rapidly dwindled on walls and underfoot. As they dwindled, so did the light.

At last the gray lichens ceased to be. He moved through a half darkness in which barely could he see, save as shadows, those who went before.

And now he was sure that the rocks had closed overhead, burying them. He fought against a choking oppression that came with the knowledge.

And yet—it was not so dark, after all. Strange, he thought, strange that there should be light at all in this covered way—and stranger still was that light itself. It seemed to be in the air—to be of the air. It came neither from walls no roof. It seemed to filter in, creeping, along the tunnel from some source far ahead. A light that was as though it came from radiant atoms, infinitely small, that shed their rays as they floated slowly by.

Thicker grew these luminous atoms whose radiance only, and not their bodies, could be perceived by the eye. Lighter and lighter grew the way.

Again, and as abruptly as before, it turned.

They stood within a cavern that was like a great square auditorium to some gigantic stage; the interior of a cube of rock whose four sides, whose roof a hundred feet overhead, and whose floor were smooth and straight as though trued by giant spirit level and by plane.

And at his right dropped a vast curtain. A curtain of solid rock lifted a foot above the floor and drawn aside at the far end for a quarter of its sweep. From beneath it and from the side, streamed the radiant atoms whose slow drift down the tunnel had filled it with its ever increasing luminosity.

They streamed from beneath it and around the side, swiftly now, like countless swarms of fireflies, each carrying a lamp of diamond light.

"There"—Suarra pointed to the rocky curtain's edge—"there lies your way. Beyond it is that place I promised I would show you. The place where the jewels grow like fruit in a garden and the living gold flows forth. Here we will wait you. Now go."

LONG Graydon looked at that curtain and at the streaming radiant atoms pouring from beyond it. Gaunt man, little man, giant man stood, beside him, soulless faces staring at him—awaiting his command, his movement.

In the hooded pair he sensed a

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cynical amusement—in yellow cowl, at least. For blue cowl seemed but to wait—as though—as though even now he knew what the issue must be. Were they baiting him, he wondered; playing him for their amusement? What would happen if he were to refuse to go farther; refuse to walk around the edge of that lifted curtain; summon the three and march them back to the little camp in the barren? Would they go? Would they be allowed to go?

He looked at Suarra. In her eyes of midnight velvet was sorrow, a sorrow unutterable; despair and agony—and love!

Whatever moved that pair she called the Two Lords—in her, at least, was no cynical gaming with human souls. And he remembered her promise, that he could look upon the Face and conquer it.

Well, he would not retreat now, even if they would let him. He would accept no largess at the hands of this pair who, or so it now seemed to him, looked upon her as a child who must be taught what futile thing it was that she had picked for chosen toy. He would not shame himself, nor her.

"Wait here," he spoke to the three staring ones. "Wait here—do you understand? Soames—Dancre—Sterrett! Do not move! Wait here until I come back."

They only stared on at him; unanswering either with tongue or face.

He walked up to the hooded pair.

"To hell with you!" he said clearly and as coldly as he felt they themselves might speak were they to open those silent lips of theirs. "Do you understand that? I said to hell with you!"

They did not move. He caught Suarra in his arms; kissed her; suddenly reckless of them. He felt her lips cling to his.

"Remember!" he whispered. "I will come back to you!"

He strode over to the curtain's edge, swinging his automatic as he went. He strode past the edge and full into the rush of the radiance. For perhaps a dozen heart beats he stood there, motionless, turned to stone, blank incredulity stamped deep upon his face. And then the revolver dropped from nerveless hand; clattered upon floor of stone.

For Graydon looked into a vast cavern filled with the diamonded atoms, throbbing with a dazzling light that yet was crystalline clear. The cavern was like a gigantic hollow globe that had been cut in two, and one half cast away. It was from its curving walls that the luminosity streamed, and these walls were jetty black and polished like mirrors, and the rays that issued from them seemed to come from infinite depths within them, darting through them with prodigious speed—like rays shot up through inconceivable depths of black water, beneath which in some unknown firmament, blazed a sun of diamond incandescence.

And out of these curving walls, hanging to them like the grapes of precious jewels in the enchanted vineyards of the Paradise of El-Shiraz, like flowers in a garden of the King of the Djinn, grew clustered gems!

Great crystals, *cabochon* and edged, globular and angled, alive under that jubilant light with the very soul of fire that is the lure of jewel. Rubies that glowed with every rubrous tint from that clear scarlet that is sunlight streaming through the finger tips of delicate maids to deepest sullen reds of bruised hearts; sapphires that shone with blues as rare as that beneath the bluebird's wings and blues as deep as those which darken beneath the creamy

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crest of the Gulf Stream's crisping waves; huge emeralds that gleamed now with the peacock verdancies of tropic shallows, and now were green as the depths of a jungle glade; diamonds that glittered with irised fires or shot forth showers of rainbowed rays; great burning opals; gems burning with amethystine flames; unknown jewels whose unfamiliar beauty checked the heart with wonder.

But it was not the clustered jewels within this chamber of radiance that had released the grip of his hand upon the automatic; turned him into stone.

It was—the Face!

FROM where he stood a flight of Cyclopean steps ran down a hundred feet or more into the heart of the cavern. At their left was the semiglobe of gemmed and glittering rock. At their right was—space!

An abyss, whose other side he could not see, but which fell sheer away from the stairway in bottomless depth upon depth.

The Face looked at him from the far side of this cavern. Its eyes were level with his. Bodiless, its chin rested upon the floor a little beyond the last monolithic step. It was carved out of the same black rock as the walls, but within it was no faintest sparkle of the darting luminescences.

It was man's face and devil's face in one; Luciferean; arrogant; ruthless. Colossal, thirty yards or more in width from ear to ear, it bent a little over the abyss, as though listening. Upon the broad brow power was throned, an evil and imperial power. Power that could have been godlike in beneficence had it so willed, but which had chosen instead the lot of Satan. The nose was harpy curved, vulture bridged and cruel. Merciless was the huge mouth, the lips full and lecherous; the corners cynically drooping.

Upon all its carved features was stamped the very secret soul of humanity's insatiable, eternal hunger for gold. Greed and avarice were graven there, and spendthrift recklessness and callous waste. It was the golden lust given voice of stone. It promised, it lured, it threatened, it cajoled—summoned!

He looked into the eyes of the Face, a hundred feet above the chin. They were made of pale blue crystals, cold as the glint of the Polar ice. Within them was centered all the Face's demoniac strength.

And as Graydon glared into their chill depths swift visions passed from them to his own. Ravishing of cities and looting of ships; men drunk with greed wresting great golden nuggets from the breast of earth; men crouching like spiders in the hearts of shining yellow webs and gloating over hordes of golden flies.

He heard the shouts of loot crazed legions sacking golden capitols; the shouting of all Argonauts since first gold and men were born. And he thrilled to their clamor; answered it with shoutings of his own!

Poured into him from the cold eyes other visions—visions of what gold, gold without end, could do for him. Flaming lures of power over men and nations, power limitless and ruthless as that which sat upon the Face's own brow—fair women—earthly Paradises—Fata Morganas of the senses.

There was a fire in his blood, a Satanic ecstasy, a flaming recklessness.

Why, the Face was not of stone! The eyes were not cold jewels!

The Face was living!

And it was promising him this world and dominion over all this world, if he would but come to it!

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He took a step down the stairway.

There came to him Suarra's heart-broken cry!

It checked him.

He looked again at the colossal Face.

And now he saw that all the darting luminous atoms from the curving walls were concentrated upon it. It threw them back, into the chamber and under and past the curtain of rock, and out into the abyss. And that there was a great circlet of gold around the Face's brow—a wide, deep crown almost like a cap. From that crown, like drops of yellow blood, great globes of gold fell slowly! They crept sluggishy down the cheeks.

From the eyes ran slowly other huge golden drops, like tears.

And out of each down turned corner of the mouth the gold dripped like slaver!

The drops of golden sweat, the golden tears, the golden slaver rolled and joined a rivulet of gold that crept out from behind the Face, crawled sluggishly to the verge of the abyss and over its lip into the unfathomable depth—

"Look into my eyes! Look into my eyes!"

The command came to him—imperious, not to be disobeyed. It seemed to him that the Face had spoken it. He stared again straight into the cold blue crystals. And forgotten now was its horror. All that he knew was—its promise!

Graydon dropped to the second step, then to the third. He wanted to run on, straight to that gigantic mask of black rock that sweated, wept and slavered gold, take from it what it had offered—give it whatever it should demand in return—

He was thrust aside. Reeled and caught himself at the very edge of the stairway.

Past him rushed the three—guant man, giant man and little man.

He caught a glimpse of their faces. There was no blankness in them now, no vagueness. No, they were as men reborn. Their eyes were burning bright. And upon the face of each was set the stamp of the Face. Its arrogance, its avarice, its recklesness and its cruelty.

Faster, faster they ran down the steps, rushing to the gigantic Face and what it had promised them. As it had promised—him!

Rage, murderous and confusing, shook him. By Heaven, they couldn't get away with that! Earth and the dominion of earth! They were his own for the taking. The Face had promised them to him first. He would kill them.

He leaped down behind them.

Something caught his feet, pinioned them, wrapped itself around his knees, brought him to an abrupt halt. He heard a sharp hissing. Raging, cursing, he looked down. Around his ankles, around his knees, were the coils of a white serpent. It bound him tightly, like a rope. Its head was level with his heart and its eyes looked unwinkingly into his.

FOR a breathless moment revulsion shook him, an instinctive and panic terror. He forgot the Face—forgot the three. The white serpent's head swayed; then shot forward, its gaze fastened upon something beyond him. Graydon's gaze followed its own.

He saw—the Snake Mother!

At one and the same time real and unreal, she lay stretched out upon the radiant air, her shining lengths half coiled. She lay within the air directly between him and the Face. He saw her, and yet plainly through her he could see all that weird cavern and all it held. Her purple eyes were intent upon him.

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And instantly his rage and all that fiery poison of golden lust that had poured into him, were wiped away. In their place flowed contrition, shame, a vast thankfulness.

He remembered—Suarra!

Through this phantom of the Snake Mother, if phantom it was, he stared full and fearlessly into the eyes of the Face. And their spell was broken. All that Graydon saw now was its rapacity, its ruthlessness and its horror.

The white serpent loosed its coils; released him! Slipped away. The phantom of the Snake Mother vanished.

Trembling, he looked down the stairway. The three men were at its end. They were running—running toward the Face. In the crystalline luminosity they stood out like moving figures cut from black cardboard. They were flattened by it—three outlines, sharp as silhouettes cut from black paper. Lank and gaunt silhouette, giant silhouette and little one, they ran side by side. And now they were at the point of the huge chin. He watched them pause there for an instant, striking at each other, each trying to push the others away. Then as one, and as though answering some summons irresistible, they began to climb up the cliffed chin of the Face. Climbing, Graydon knew, up to the cold blue eyes and what those eyes had seemed to promise.

Now they were in the full focus of the driving rays, the storm of the luminous atoms. For an instant they stood out, still like three men cut from cardboard a little darker than the black stone.

Then they seemed to gray, their outlines to grow misty—nebulous. They ceased their climbing. They writhed as though in sudden intolerable agony.

They faded out! Where they had been there hovered for a breath something like three wisps of stained cloud.

The wisps dissolved—like mist.

In their place stood out three glistening droplets of gold!

Sluggishly the three droplets began to roll down the Face. They drew together and became one. They dripped slowly down to the crawling golden stream, were merged with it—were carried to the lip of the abyss—

And over into the gulf!

From high over the gulf came a burst of the elfin horns. And now, in that strange light, Graydon saw at last what it was that sent forth these notes. What it was that had beaten out on the moonlit barren the souls of the three; breaking them; turning them into dead men walking.

Their bodies were serpents, sinuous, writhing and coiling, silver scaled. But they were serpents—winged. They dipped and drifted and eddied on snowy long feathered wings, blanched, phosphorescent plumes fringed like the tails of ghostly Birds of Paradise.

Large and small, some the size of the great python, some no longer than the little *fer-de-lance*, they writhed and coiled and spun through the sparkling air above the abyss, trumpeting triumphantly, calling to each other with their voices like elfin horns.

Fencing joyously with each other with bills that were like thin, straight swords!

Winged serpents, Paradise plumed, whose bills were sharp rapiers. Winged serpents sending forth their paeans of faery trumpets while that crawling stream of which Soames—Dancre—Sterrett—were now a part dripped, dripped, slowly, so slowly, down into the unfathomable void.

Graydon fell upon the great step, sick in every nerve and fiber of his being. He crept up the next, and the next—rolled over the last, past the edge of the rocky

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curtain, out of the brilliancy of the diamonded light and the sight of the Face and that trumpet clamor of the flying serpents.

He saw Suarra, flying to him, eyes wild with gladness.

Then he seemed to sink through wave after wave of darkness into oblivion.

CHAPTER IX

"I AM GOING BACK TO HER!"

GRAYDON awakened. "Suarra! Beloved!" he whispered, and stretched out eager arms.

Memory rushed back to him; he leaped to his feet, stared around him. He was in a dim forest glade. Beside him his burro nibbled placidly the grass.

"Suarrá!" he cried again loudly.

A figure stirred in the shadow; came toward him. It was an Indian, but one of a type Graydon had never seen before. His features were delicate, fine. He wore a corselet and kilt of padded yellow silk. There was a circlet of gold upon his head and bracelets of the same metal on his upper arms.

The Indian held out a package wrapped in silk. He opened it. Within it was Suarra's bracelet of the dinosaurs and the *caraquenque* feather she wore when first he had seen her.

Graydon restored the feather in its covering, thrust it into his pocket over his heart. The bracelet, and why he did it he never knew, he slipped over his own wrist.

He spoke to the Indian in the Aymara. He smiled; shook his head. Nor did he seem to understand any of the half dozen other dialects that Graydon tried. He pointed to the burro and then ahead. Graydon knew that he was telling him that he must go, and that he would show him the way.

They set forth. He tried to etch every foot of the path upon his memory, planning already for return. In a little while they came to the edge of a steep hill. Here the Indian paused pointing down. Fifty feet or so below him Graydon saw a well marked trail. There was an easy descent, zigzagging down the hillside to it. Again the Indian pointed, and he realized that he was indicating which way to take upon the lower trail.

The Indian stood aside, bowed low and waited for him to pass down with the burro. He began the downward climb. The Indian stood watching him; and as Graydon reached a turn in the trail, he waved his hand in farewell and slipped back into his forest.

Graydon plodded slowly on for perhaps a mile farther. There he waited for an hour. Then he turned resolutely back; retraced his way to the hillside and driving his burro before him, quietly reclimbed it.

In his brain and in his heart were but one thought and one desire, to return to Suarra. No matter what the peril, to go back to her.

He slipped over the edge of the hill and stood there for a moment, listening. He heard nothing. He pushed ahead of the burro; softly bade it follow; strode forward.

Instantly close above his head he heard a horn note sound, menacing, angry. There was a whirring of great wings.

Instinctively he threw up his arm. It was the one upon which he had slipped Suarra's bracelet. As he raised it, the purple stones that were the eyes of the snake mother carved upon it, flashed in the sun.

He heard the horn note again, protesting; curiously—startled. There was a whistling flurry in the air close beside him as of some unseen winged creature striving to check its flight.

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Something struck the bracelet a glancing blow. He felt another sharp blow against his shoulder. A searing pain darted through the muscles. He felt blood gush from shoulder and neck. The buffet threw him backward. He fell and rolled over the edge of the hill and down its side.

In that fall his head struck a stone, stunning him. When he came to his senses he was lying at the foot of the slope, with the burro standing beside him. He must have lain there unconscious for considerable time, for the stained ground showed that he had lost much blood. The wound was in an awkward place for examination, but so far as he could see it was a clean puncture that had passed like a rapier thrust through the upper shoulder and out at the neck. It must have missed the artery by a hair.

And well he knew what had made that sound. One of the feathered serpents of the abyss.

The cliff or mill marked no doubt the limits of Yu-Atlanchi at that point. Had the strange Indian placed the creature there in anticipation of his return, or had it been one of those "Watchers" of whom Suarra had spoken and this frontier one of its regular points of observation? The latter, he was inclined to think, for the Indian had unquestionably been friendly.

And did not the bracelet and the *caraquenque* feather show that he had been Suarra's own messenger?

But Graydon could not go back, into the unknown perils, with such a wound. He must find help. That night the fever took him. The next day he met some friendly Indians. They ministered to him as best they could. But the fever grew worse and the wound a torment. He made up his mind to press on to Chupan, the nearest village where he might find better help than the Indians could give him.

He had stumbled on to Chupan, reached it on his last strength.

* * *

SUCH was Graydon's story. If you ask me whether I believe it, or whether I think it the vagaries of a fever-stricken wanderer, I answer—I do believe it. Yes, from the first to the last, I believe it true. For remember, I saw his wound, I saw the bracelet of the dinosaurs and I listened to Graydon in his delirium. A man does not tell precisely the same things in the cool blood of health that he raves of in delirium, not at least if these things are but fancies born of that delirium. He cannot. He forgets.

There was one thing that I found it hard to explain by any normal process.

"You say you saw this—well, Being

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—you call the Snake Mother as a phantom in that cavern of the Face?" I asked. "But are you sure of that, Graydon? Are you sure that this was not hallucination, or some vision of your fever that you carried into waking?"

"No," he said, "No. I am very sure. I would not call what I saw a phantom. I only used that word to describe it. It was more—a projection of her image. You forget, don't you, that other exercise of this inexplicable power of projection that night I was drawn into Yu-Atlanchi by her eyes? Well, of the reality of that first experience there cannot be the slightest doubt. I do not find the other more unbelievable than it.

"The cavern of the Face," he went on, thoughtfully. "That I think was a laboratory of Nature, a gigantic crucible where under certain rays of light a natural transmutation of one element into another took place.

"Within the rock, out of which the Face was carved, was some mineral which under these rays was transformed into gold. A purely chemical process of which our race itself is not far from learning the secret, as you know.

"The Face! I think that it was an afterthought of some genius of Yu-Atlanchi. He had taken the rock, worked upon it and symbolized so accurately man's universal hunger for gold, that inevitably he who looked upon it responded to its call. The sub-consciousness, the consciousness, too, leaped out in response to what the Face portrayed with such tremendous power. In proportion to the strength of that hunger, so was the strength of the response. Like calls to like the world over."

"But do you think that Soames and Sterrett and little Dancre really turned into gold?" I asked him.

"Frankly, of that I have my doubts," he answered. "It looked so. But the whole scene was so—well, so damnably devilish—that I can't quite trust to my impression of that. It is possible that something else occurred. Unquestionably the concentration of the rays on the region about the Face was terrific. Beneath the bombardment of those radiant particles of force, whatever they were, the bodies of the three may simply have disintegrated. The droplets of gold may have been oozing from the rock behind them and their position in the exact place where the three disappeared may also have been only a vivid coincidence."

"That the flying serpents were visible in that light and not in normal light shows, I should think, that it must have been extraordinarily rich in the ultra-violet vibrations," I suggested.

He nodded.

"Of course that was it," he said. "Invisible in day or night light, it took the violet rays to record their outlines. They are probably a development of some form of flying saurian such as the ancient pterodactyls."

He mused for a moment.

"But they must have possessed a high degree of intelligence," he went on at last; "those serpents. Intelligence higher even than the dog—intelligence perhaps on a par with that of the elephant. The creature that struck me certainly recognized Suarra's bracelet. It was that recognition which checked it, I am sure. It tried to stop its thrust, but it was too late to do more than divert it.

"And that is why I think I am going to find her," he whispered.

"She wanted me to come back. She knew that I would. I think the bracelet is a talisman—or better still, a passport to carry me by the watchers, as she called them. It was not just as a remembrance that she gave the ornament to me. No!

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"I will come back—and with her," he told me on that day we clasped hands in farewell.

I stood watching him until he and the little burro were hidden by the trees of the trail he must follow until he had reached the frontier of the haunted Cordillera, the gateway of those mysteries with which he had determined to grapple to wrest from them the maid he named Suarra.

But he has not come back.

The sequel to this story, "The Snake Mother," will be published in FANTASTIC NOVELS, the companion magazine of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. The November issue containing the sequel, will be on sale September 11.

FOR A. MERRITT: "The Face in the Abyss"

By Robert W. Lowndes

IN DREAMS the shadows leaped beyond the fragile veils of time
And wrought this horror: now the great face of the moon assumes
The Dark One's likeness and its livid countenance relumes
All that was vanquished in Atlanchi; lo, the hideous mime
Relives as, now across the spanless, bleak abyss,
It looms, colossal in its Luciferan pride,
And, powerless to stem the mounting, world-engulfing tide
Of evil, all men undergo the metamorphosis.

Dance, shining ones, with me along the endless road of worlds!
Dance to the lutes of flame that sing in ravished cities and
The chant of death-drums; threnody of reddening steel, the cries
Of lovely women fallen neath our gold-shod mounts! What lies
Beyond when all the Earth is plundered? Then, at *its* command,
Shall we build starry argosies to loot the night-flung worlds!

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By
PHILIP M. FISHER

"Heaven help them," I muttered, staring at the pitiful forms on the shore, "they have lost almost all that made them human"

FUNGUS ISLE

A Complete Novelet

It was a place where creeping, menacing destruction silently closed in; unawares men became something less than human

I

EVEN as I crawled up the gently sloping beach, gasping and sobbing with half strangled lungs seeking to retch out the burning water and gulp in some life giving air, I sensed something uncanny in the low lying hedge of scrub before. It did not give me fear—my fears had come with the first roaring swoop of the typhoon, had vanished when the schooner struck the barrier reef and time for action came. Even the wandering thought of sharks had not restored them. And now, with solid land beneath me, fear was the emotion furthest away.

As I toiled on I admit I gave the feel-

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ing but little actual attention. My voluntary thought was of other things: My shipmates, the loss of the Emerald Spray. I found myself, in choking, water-quenched anathema, cursing the fate that had so malevolently pursued us ever since our discovery, months back in the scorching barrens of West Australia, of the petrified log whose heart had glowed with the pulsing greens, crimsons, and blues of fire opal. I looked bitterly back on shattered dreams of wealth, revenge, and of recovery from the blackguards who had fled with our treasure through these ill-known waters for their haven in degenerate Macao.

Yet, still would this subtle sense persist. And soon, it seemed, I must regard it. Something must be above me there, something. Else why to my unusually blunt perceptions should come such sense of eerie menace?

I scrutinized the black fringe before me intently as I crept on. My salt burning eyes could make out no movement there. And besides what moving thing, animate or inanimate, could compel that atmosphere of vague distrust? I knew where we were just before the typhoon had blown up. There were islands by the hundreds scattered under the southern coast of New Guinea; many of them unexplored. But all known were the same, all of coral origin, protected by barrier reefs, and crowned with wind bent coconuts. All were the same with nothing on them to fear but loneliness; no serpents, no beasts, no human beings. And this—this land was but another islet in the chain.

I found myself striving to put aside this peculiar unease that was growing on me. I insisted now that it was foolishness; that there were other and more important questions. Douglas Gordon, whose tortures and canteen I had shared in our search for the block of crystallized fire that had promised life comfort to us all. He had been in the bows, clinging to the stay, and his was the first cry just before the hope-ending crash. Had the smothering torrent of solid green that roared over us then swept him to his death? The leader of our little party, skipper of the crushed schooner that the dying storm must now be mercilessly battering out there on the coral heads, Jim Dowell, what of him? And the Kanaka boy, faithful slave. Once in the quieter lagoon they had been safe; all could swim, and well. But had they fought down the outward seas and broken through?

These were the questions, these were the important things just now. Not the disquieting sense that beyond that nearing black mass of vegetation, and within it—yes, and of it—there lay a strange and waiting menace. Not that, I did persist. My friends. Water. Food. A boat—for continuing our chase. Revenge. To glory again in the mystic beauty of the stone—to touch again, in full possession, our fortune.

I DRAGGED my eyes away, and scanned the wide spreading beach. Even under the black and cloud flung sky its ghostly surface would betray another man. But the pale sands showed not a single darker object, no moving thing. I crawled on.

Then, quite suddenly, I stopped.

I repeat that I do not know why. I have read of charging soldiery coming to sudden involuntary halt—then, after a screaming shell had all but burned their faces with its wind, press on. They had been brought to a full stop warned by some unconscious perception of danger—and so, I must suppose, had I.

I stared before me. Crept a dozen yards forward. Paused again.

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I did not fear. I repeat: there was nothing to fear. Common sense insisted that there could be nothing to fear. And yet I stopped there on my knees, and stared.

In the back of my mind began a whisper. It tried to explain a simple cause for part, at least, of the feeling that was on me. I groped to catch the words, to understand it. It was so simple, so obvious. Yet strain though I might, I could not comprehend. And in exasperation I cursed a dumbness I could not overcome.

Then, as I stared, I heard myself speak, with a kind of half laugh.

"Funny. Where are the coconuts?"

I gave a grunt of humor again—it did sound idiotic. Yet now a more discerning eye swept up and down the black fringe before me, to right and left. Not a palm in sight. The voice at last—clearly.

"Every coral islet in the South Pacific is fringed with coconut palms. Why isn't this? Every one of them. Why not this?"

The impenetrable blackness above me, the smooth, warm sand beneath, the sea at my back, and before me—mystery. The shadowed hedgelike growth, but not one single towering palm. And the storm from the sea fiercely determined to push me on. The wind?

Came another whisper. Another interpretation for my feeling, another solution based on common sense. This wind, trying to urge me forward—yet up there, but a dozen steps, not a sound. No thrashing rustle of torn foliage, no screaming rub of branch. Yet there was vegetation. I could see differences in it now; shapes, pillarlike. But not a sound of swishing leaf.

"That *is* funny," I said aloud. "Damn funny."

I started to crawl on, but the impulse died as I put out a hand. I cursed my folly, yet decided to hang the wind, anyway, and sleep the night out where I was.

First, though, another look up and down the sands.

My heart gave a great leap. I rose to my feet unsteadily and wildly whooped. Answer shrilled at once, and a figure lifted and came slowly to me. A welling of thanksgiving tore at my throat.

"Doug! You came through."

Silently he gripped my hand. Then his eyes left mine and he glanced to the shelter of the growth. Then back at me.

"I've crawled along that stuff for a quarter mile," he said in a low voice. "I wanted to get somewhere out of this wind."

My fingers clenched about his arm.

"Why didn't you go behind the trees, Doug?" I demanded in a whisper.

He turned and stared again. Then shrugged his shoulders, gave a short, dry laugh.

"I—I don't know. Just didn't, I suppose." He paused a moment, then quickly countered: "Why didn't you?"

I pointed, stiff armed, and even to me my words still sounded like those of a child.

"Where are the coconuts? Where are the palms? And why doesn't the wind make a noise of some kind among that stuff?"

He grunted again. And this time did not laugh.

"I move we camp right here," he said. "Right here. We both need sleep."

II

BUT I found that I could not sleep. And despite the fact that I had but just been shipwrecked, my body was not by any means exhausted. The typhoon had come up with hardly any barometric

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warning, had caught us beating through Torres Straits, that broad, though treacherous, channel between the great island continent of Australia, and that last unexplored land of mystery, the steaming man-killing green of New Guinea.

The three of us, with the Kanaka lad, had done our best to take in the canvas, but the rushing madness of the storm had won out. Two hours perhaps had we scudded, under bare poles, swept ever and ever to the north. Then, even as Douglas Gordon, clinging in the bows, had cried his warning of land ahead, we had struck. Came the short struggle with great avalanching seas, the comparative peace of the lagoon, then the beach.

No, I could not sleep. I was not weary enough for that.

I lay there in the smooth coral sand, and stared up at the clearing skies, and wondered about things. And most of all, I wondered now about this sense of uncanniness that had sifted into me as I crept up toward the black line of vegetation that was ahead. That growth had called me so at first—called me when I waded through the shallows; there, just ahead, I would find shelter from the stinging wind. And then, as I neared—it repelled. As I lay there I felt working into me, body and soul, the feeling that it would not be shelter. Something—I could not name it—menaced there. A voice within me warned against seeking its refuge. Insisted that it would not give refuge, but something else.

The wind died, and but for an occasional swift sand-scattering ruffle, left a growing peace in which the eeriness somewhat dimmed. I began again to call myself a fool. It had been the blackness of the night, the desolation of shipwreck and loneliness, and the simple fact that this island was not adapted to the natural growth of palms. That latter was exceptional, true, yet it had worked upon my imagination. And that the wind made no noise in rushing through the low scrub, but added to the natural unease of a black and stormy night. It was all nonsense. I was a fool.

And yet, how about Doug?

He certainly had sensed something. What had he said: that he had crawled along the stuff for a quarter mile, looking for shelter? Why had he not entered the stuff? Wasn't that shelter?

This was not like him. Long had I roamed the seven seas with Douglas Gordon, many the tight hole in which we had found ourselves; yet never had I seen him in a predicament which he had feared, or, discovering doubt within himself, given that doubt voice. But now—why had he glanced askance at the black fringe above us? Had he not sensed, too, that which I had felt?

If he had, then the thing was not the result of my own environment stimulated imagination. No, then there was something else.

Suddenly I found myself stiffening, my body quite tense.

An odor—a dank, peculiarly pungent odor—was in the now quiet air. A strange odor, thick, almost tangible, and heavy, as though of a miasmic gas settling close to the ground because of its own damp weight.

This could not possibly come from the sea. It could not drift down upon us from the clouds above, nor yet percolate up through the coral sands. It could have but one source. The vegetation that crowned the low rising land above us.

And yet, if this were a coral island—I seized a handful of the sand beneath me. Yes, its rounded, slick-coated grains were of disintegrated coral, unmixed with the sharp silicate particles from a

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rock-bound coast. The sudden newer doubt as to the land upon which we had been thrown left me; the storm had not driven us so far to northward as the mainland of savage New Guinea. We were on a coral island without doubt.

Yet coral islands do not ordinarily contain marshy land. And only from a dank, steaming morass could such a peculiar odor emanate. The belief that something here was far from the usual began again to strengthen.

I glanced at my old companion. He was limp in the sand, arms thrown wide, eyes closed. I wondered if he slept, yet hesitated to whisper to him. If he were finding peace in unconsciousness after his trial of the last few hours it were the last thing to do to awaken him. No, I must at present keep my thoughts to myself.

The odor persisted.

And now, too, with even the fitful puffs of the passed storm exhausted, it took on a certain warmth.

This, in itself, was not unusual.

In these equatorial seas, the heat of the sun is literally soaked into the land areas as it is into the blue waters themselves, and by night as by day the earth gives forth soothing comfort to one's recumbent form.

And to the stimulation of this warmth, as well as to the torrential downpour, the fertile land responds, giving birth to that lush and overwhelming tropical vegetation so astonishing to men of more temperate climes. Man, white man, quickly falls beneath its rhythmic impulse. Heat and moisture first forced life itself in times primeval. And tropical heat and tropical moisture, now that man is man, double his every bodily process. He comes to early maturity, his own seed bursts forth into bloom with results alarming even to the accustomed mind. Seasons are blended into one ebullient springtime, and before he is aware of it, he has come to manhood, the fruit of his own flesh is matured about him, his own decay brings him back to elemental disintegration. Heat, moisture, the tropics are a forcing house for living organisms.

Yet, the sand was warm beneath me. This miasmic odor was warm and moist to my nostrils. And lush, alive, it tasted to me. Alive, and—I felt an involuntary thrill pass through me—it, too, seemed to menace. It smelled of growing things, but of things growing too quickly. Of life developing in its highest intensity, of animate things that, with their own life force, their own will to grow and mature and decay, threatened with almost a premeditated malignancy all other animate things, all other forms of slower developing life than their own.

ALL this I sensed. And the sensing of it had no calming effect. The very fact beyond all others, perhaps, that this warm, moist odor had a lulling effect upon my nerves and body, did most to expand my growing apprehension until it tingled in every fiber.

Why had the wind made no sound in the vegetation up there? The eternal silence of it, the *waiting* silence, the silence that was so sure of its own power that in its very silence lay its threat!

I was becoming vastly uneasy, I had to admit. I did not like it. I dared not sleep.

The sky was sweeping clear, and the brilliants with which it was bespangled were outthrust ready for a plucking hand. The lagoon, peaceful now, glowed with a superphosphorescence lately lashed into being by the elements in conflict. The moon had risen behind me and the beach spread to the water's edge

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like a sheet of ghostly silver, though I myself yet lay in shadow.

I was still prone upon my back, with hands beneath my head, struggling to keep awake despite the influence of the strangely drugging odor, when my restless eye was arrested by a movement above the gleaming coral far down the strand to my right. I watched it at first rather absorbedly, and with a feeling of relief, wondering what it might be. Some sea fowl, I decided, preying on other living things lately cast upon the beach. I grunted and relaxed.

Quickly, as in answer to my movement, came a grip, hard upon my arm. Then Doug's voice, tense with wonder.

"Clarke! What—what do you make of it?"

I swung about upon my stomach—and felt again the strength of menacing mystery.

The full moon was peering over the island at us, yet had not cleared completely the fringe of growing stuff above. And the shapes it blackly lined were shapes such as I had never dreamed of before.

No—there were no gaunt rising, gracefully bending, palms! No sharp crested tangle of tropical grasses, no wreathing tendrils of vine, against the silver glowing face of the curious satellite.

Instead, upon the sand itself, sharp outlined, lay a solid wall of black. And from this wall soared strange, unheard-of forms; rounded trunklike forms that ended not in branch or leaf, but in egg-shaped, caplike heads, black, too, against the brilliant sky. Some of these, where the moon cut low, were but a few feet above the dense thicket below, others rose to perhaps three times the height of a man. Some were body thick; others, and these sometimes bent as by the weight of the bulbous tops, appeared no larger though than my own right arm. Some, also, stretched clean cut against the moon. Others seemed distorted with nodular swellings that presented the appearance of horrid plant disease.

But all—all, rising more or less pillar-like, swelled out at last into a heavier top, grotesquely shaped: the heads of gigantic asparagi, the semblance of an ovate sphere, others of an umbrella shape that, in its significance, brought my heart leaping.

The rays of the moon were luminously dissipated just where these forms broke from the black beneath. And ever and ever again wraithlike ghosts would tear way from this heavy lying mist and, clinging for a moment as though reluctant to sever themselves from the dense mass of it, drift vanishing away like the shrouded spirits of a seance.

Then would come, with renewed strength, the warm, moist odor, stealing down upon us as we stared in unbelief.

I sniffed again, almost without thought. Musty it was, as if a warning, pregnant, fallow, a thing vital and fecund with a staggering regenerative force. And overwhelming in its impression; yet held as in waiting. As though, suddenly released, this power to grow would submerge even us in its life force, suck us dry for its own sustenance, rush our own bodies into some devastating supermaturity that could only end in decay and horrid death. The odor of it sank into my senses, and for the first time I really feared.

The pressure of Doug's clenched hand upon my arm had not been lessened as we lay thus upon the sand, rigid, eyes hypnotically held on those weird black silhouettes against the silver moon and the glittering sky. And I believe that at least ten mintues passed before either of us thought to speak—or could. The sight was so utterly unbelievable. It

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stupefied. I know that I myself had no consecutive thought. I could not think. I could only wonder and stare, with something like the prickling of primeval fear proceeding up and down my spine.

"WHAT—what do you make of that?"

Thus came Douglas's first words, and almost in exact repetition of the exclamation with which he had startled me from my contemplation of the fluttering thing down the strand. I suddenly found loose tongue.

"Heaven knows," I whispered back. "Nothing like anything I've ever seen before."

"You—you notice that peculiar smell—kind of heavy; like mold?"

"And warm? Damp? Steamy—"

"Like a drug?" he whispered. "Yes. I've been lying here trying to think what it was. I still don't know. But it certainly has something to do with that stuff above there, and the mist that is beneath. Clarke, I confess it, the thing doesn't appeal to me at all. I've been in some funny places—but—" His hand tightened, and rising to his knees he pointed toward the face of the moon. "There's something else."

Well above the peculiar vegetation, and at some distance from us, had suddenly risen a flock of flopping, batlike creatures. They were flying about with no apparent motive or destination, weaving in and out among themselves with slowly beating wings, dipping, swooping, fluttering high again, now in compact body, then in scattering disorder, almost as though in aimless play. Not a cry came from them. They winged against the face of the moon in absolute silence, a silence as uncanny as that grimly waiting growth just before us, and from whose depths they had come.

Then, as though by command, they suddenly dropped from our sight.

Recollection of things I had seen in other South Sea lands flashed before me.

"Flying foxes!"

But Douglas shook his head, though his hand now left my arm.

"No. I've seen them flying almost like that; but once in a while at least they'd let out a chirruping squeak. It's something else." His whisper came tense again: "I tell you, Clarke, I don't like this place at all. Not even a coc' palm! What the devil'll we eat, or drink? And this sickening smell, thick. Why, it almost seems alive! Like a living thing that's seeking us out to do us harm.

I felt again the pricklings run over my skin. He had sensed the menace of the thing as surely as had I.

A gentle puff of wind came to us then, and the odor, doubly strong, swept mist-clad upon us. I had just raised a hand to cover my mouth and nose, when I felt, rather than heard, a gentle swishing behind me. Almost immediately something seemed to alight and creep clingingly upon the back of my neck.

With an oath which I heard echoed from Douglas, I swung about and struck with my open hand.

Whatever it was fluttered beneath, then fell away.

And on the sands beside me, twisting and turning in vain attempt to take to the air, was what seemed at first glance to be a strangely shaped bird. I scrambled to seize it, and my very touch apparently spelled its death. For a hand-size sector of the unbroken wing came off between my fingers, and the mutilated body shivered, wilted, and lay inert.

Then again I felt the weird sense of uncanny things about me. The piece of

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wing at which Douglas and I stared was not feathered, nor was it the leathery membrane of a bat. No; it was thin and smooth, and covered with an almost microscopically furry substance. And the foot-long body on the moonlit sand was not that of any bird or animal I knew. Feelers—the body of an insect. And my companion's own startled whisper gave the thing its name.

"A giant moth!"

Then we stared again into each other's eyes in silent question.

That fluttering swarm of things we had seen against the moon—had they not been the same? And the creature I had noted slowly beating along the sand—that must have been this very one.

A peculiar thought took hold of me as I again examined the wing in my hands. It had broken off so easily. That were hardly natural. The wing of a moth fresh struck down does not crumple at a touch; it is of more substantial material, has more strength. Yet this—I took the edge of it between my finger and thumb. It broke off at my least effort. I raised my eyes to Douglas Gordon.

He was watching me intently, and now he took the thing from me and with his own hands deliberately broke off a corner of it. Then his glance sought the fantastically shaped growth rearing up to the spangled sky—he sniffed at the thick air again—dropped his gaze upon the wing stuff he held.

"Breaks up at a touch," he whispered uneasily. "At the lightest touch. Like—like—that's it, like a thin rolled sheet of yeast. In Heaven's name, how does it live? How—"

He broke off sharply, mouth open, swung back staring to the shadows above. And though he had asked a question, I did not answer. I could not.

From the black depths of the island had arisen a cry that made my blood run cold. The first sound. Low at first, then rising higher, higher, higher, the cry reached a point where its vibration seemed to become rhythmic with that which I felt in my own body. Then, quite suddenly, it turned to a sobbing diminuendo moan, as of hopelessness and despair. Down, down, down it fell, until we strained to hear. We strained, every nerve, but the hidden shadows were become as silent as before, as darkly mysterious, as menacing, as evil with the now even doubled feel of malignant life force that with deadly will and diabolic artifice was reaching out for us, and ever drawing, drawing us in.

III

THE cry was not repeated. And to tell the truth, although I, too, with Doug, stared into the tangle of strange black shapes beneath the rising moon, and strained every nerve to listen, something within me was saying over and over again, insisting that I did not want to hear that cry again. Had it been clear call of anything normal in our lives, this peculiar insistence would have had no effect. I would have wanted then to hear it so as to place it in its proper category of known things. It would have been the call of some night bird; or of a startled monkey, perhaps; or of a man himself, on some nocturnal hunt.

Of course, I must admit, I was still filled with the uncanny feel of this lonely bit of land. The silence of it, the misshapen vegetation, the soporific odor of the warm, heavy mist, the great moth to which death and decay had so quickly come at our veriest touch, the flutter of a myriad of its fellows, black against the moon—and then, this cry. Of utter

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woe, despair, and of horror, too. A cry not more of the fear of death than of dread of a living death from which there could be no escape. Yet it was not so much the hopelessness in it that struck me, as the peculiar lack of real vibration in its wavering notes. It was, in a certain sense, rhythmically harmonious with the taut vibration then in my own body, and yet it did not present to my mind, as well it must have to the mere mechanism of my ear, the sense of a physical impact. Furry. That was it. As though the sound had come from an organ pipe that was lined with fur. At once the logical answer leaped before me: a pipe lined with fur, or a throat with—mold.

The train of conjecture following this idea so filled me that when Douglas suddenly again gripped my shoulder and pointed down the silvered beach to a dark object moving there, I felt no further apprehension. I watched the thing approach. It seemed to stagger, wabble in its gait—fall—then rise and continue on. Its distance prevented even vague surmise as to its shape, yet on it came in that oddly awkward stumbling.

Then suddenly the grip on my shoulder relaxed, and with a muttered cry Doug left me and ran toward the thing. And I, in a spasm of fear, and with a glance at the silent rising stuff above me, took to my heels after him.

And a moment later I found myself with an arm about the skipper of the little schooner, Jim Dowell, half fainting as he recognized us.

WE MUST have slept. I know that the sun was well above us when first I perceived in that gentle struggle for consciousness that precedes awakening, that something was wrong. The perception gradually became two. The first of these was the natural one—there was no motion about me; the sea was not underfoot; something had happened to it, for the schooner's motion was gone. Then I remembered. I was on solid earth. With a rush came the second feeling—distinct, clear, as I opened my eyes. Something—I could not tell what, nor whence came the sense of it—something was watching me.

I flung myself about, and caught a fleeting glimpse of movement in the vegetation above us. Just a glimpse, and so vague a one that I almost doubted. Then, for the first time, I saw what manner of vegetation that was, and my involuntary exclamation of wonder and disbelief brought my two companions to their knees.

The blackness of the night before had given no idea of the color of the growth above us. Yet deep rooted within all mankind, I suppose, is the firm belief that all growing things must necessarily be green. Or at least, if not inevitably green in the individual plant, at least verdant in the general aspect of growing things in the mass.

Yet here—it was perhaps the lack of fresh green life that so astounded me, so bewildered. Fresh green betokens normal life. It means clean life. It gives the appearance of everyday life under a beneficent Nature. Secure life—and a right one.

But here there was no such green.

The panorama before us was a horrid futuristic conception in ugly splotched colors—purples, yellows, browns, vermilions, and hideously mottled green grays. The mass of it repelled. The eye was tormented, the senses appalled. The colors were monstrous, loathsome—as though reeking with the deadly poison of an unclean and obscene living malignance.

And the shapes of these horrid growths were now in the light of day

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familiar, awfully familiar, staggeringly so.

The lower hedgelike mass of the stuff, stretching from one curve of the upper beach to the other, had been a black wall under the shadows cast by the moon. Now it showed itself the edge of an earth-covering bloat, consistently of one hideously painted purple, a purple that seemed slowly to pulsate, to watch the three of us human beings as we stiffened on the sands and stared.

Just above the oily looking smoothness of its upper line it was spined and folded and serrated with masses of splotched vermilion and poison orange, slick surfaced crimsons, and dull brick reds. And above this soared greasy coated trunks of leprous, gray spotted yellows. These trunks rose to various heights, the greatest of them arising to perhaps three times the height of the tallest man of us. And they terminated in the nodular caps we had seen silhouetted against the moon the night before.

Deeper in the island, we could make out huge fanlike objects, fluted like deep-sea shells, and whose brownish purple was as repulsive to the eye as their size was stupendous. To the right, also, and creeping toward us over the creamy cleanness of the coral sands, stretched long tendril-like things that seemed like the leathery feelers of gigantic starfish, vermilion, and spotted with the yellow grays again—unclean. Dipping down toward our staring trio, leaning to us on its attenuated stalk of streaked and greasy yellow, one great egg-shaped head peered at us not a dozen feet away, its purple spotted surface a great all-seeing eye, an eye that thought, that calculated, that menaced.

I glanced at the white sun above us, and to the pure coral sands beneath our feet. They were the only natural elements about us, the only clean things. That growth—no wonder I had sensed the uncanny when I had crawled up the beach in the blackness of the night before. No wonder I had felt repelled when I would have sought shelter from the dying typhoon. No wonder Doug had crawled for a quarter mile, not daring to enter the black growth at his very side because something deeper in him than voluntary thought had warned him.

The warm, damp odors of the night, the wraithy mist under the rising moon, the sense of a life that menaced, of living things of such swift growth, such absorbent vitality, such relentless devotion to that teeming vitality—no wonder we had felt it as a presence. These haunting shapes, by their very gigantic familiarity becoming each second more awful, lived, and the life in them was so strong that they seemed to think and to threaten all other life that their own might be the more secure. I found myself shuddering at what might have happened had we entered its depths—and at that moment Douglas Gordon's voice broke the silence, hoarse, choked, unbelieving.

"Fungus! A forest of giant fungus growth. Good Heavens!"

Captain Jim's muttered oath followed.

And I turned to find him rubbing his forehead with the back of one hairy hand. I do not know what started my heart to beating then. Yet beat it did, indeed, and a surge of genuine alarm rushed to my throat for the first time since the wreck of the Emerald Spray on the jagged coral head of the outer reef.

Then my eyes flashed to the face of Douglas Gordon. Paused there a moment. Then back to Captain Jim.

And my own hand went uncertainly to my own forehead, furtively rubbed. My heart beat again, as I held my hand

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before my eyes. The palm of it was slightly browned from contact with my face.

I stared at it, then to the faces of my companions. And I saw that their eyes had followed my own, their glances slowly bending first upon my own face, then upon the others'.

"Covered with the stuff," I gasped. "Covered with it. What can it be?"

MY EYES went over Doug's shoulder to the fungus growth behind him. Then to the green-brown scum on my hand. I lifted my hand to my nose.

"The same smell," I muttered. "The same."

Doug was the first to recover himself.

"And that fungus growth! Humph! I don't think we need be alarmed, fellows. Toadstools, puff-balls, any fungus, you know. During the night, while we slept and the wind fell, it drifted out and settled upon us. Spores from that fungus. Like from a mushroom, you know. Spores, that's all."

Gradually I felt my apprehension depart. Well I recalled certain grammar school experiments. The head of the toadstool, or the mushroom, cut off from the stem, set down upon a sheet of glass or white paper. And in the morning the delicate print of its gill-like under part traced in the fallen spores.

"Naturally." I nodded. "But it got me for a moment. This heathenish place—uncanny. Never can tell what might happen, you know. I thought—"

I came to an abrupt halt. I really did not know what I thought, or had thought. The alarm had made itself felt. That was sure enough. It had come upon me with a heart-jolting sense of danger. Impressed itself upon me even as the uncanny feel of the dark fringe of growth before me had impressed itself upon my consciousness as I crawled toward it in the night.

Jim Dowell dipped his head toward me, his wide blue eyes staring into mine.

"Just what did you think?" he demanded in a low tone.

I shook my head.

"I don't know," I muttered again.

For a moment Captain Jim stared, then slowly turned toward that mammoth and horrid colored fungus growth above the sands.

Then with a grunt gave word to the first practical suggestion since our casting upon this strange bit of land.

"Last night," he said, "I saw something flying about in the moonlight. And I'm hungry and thirsty. The first thing we must find is water. I move we explore a bit."

IV

REACTION came then to us all. It was quite evident to me that the soporific exhalations from the giant fungus, warm, damp, insinuating, had had much to do with the sleep that had gripped us until the sun, risen high toward tropic noon, scorched our nerves into wakefulness. And I knew that I was very thirsty and hungry as well. Yet there was, however, something unaccountable about this thirst. I had taken in some salt water while in the crashing breakers of the reef, and later during my swim to the ghostly line of the beach. I had experienced thirst, too, on the semidesert regions of West Australia, when we had searched for, and found, the fabled block of fire opal. Yet now there were none of the torturing symptoms of thirst.

I needed water badly, but my lips were not cracked; they were smooth to my tongue—almost feeling as though

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spread with camphor ice. And my tongue itself, and the roof of my mouth, had nothing of dryness. Yet my body craved water, overpoweringly demanded it.

I do not believe that I was wakefully conscious of my mouth and lips being in this condition. Yet I do recall now that thus they felt—as though oiled with some tasteless oleate fluid or rubbed with some tasteless theatrical grease. But I could not have explained this then. I thirsted, but something about even that thirst was not normal.

The call of my stomach for food, however, was the call of old.

We decided to go together and explore the beach for any depression through which water might flow to the sea. We knew, of course, that the ordinary coral atoll has no flowing streams. But with the uncanny vegetation of the land only too present, other peculiarities might easily be.

"So profuse and gigantic growth of fungus can only argue plenty of fresh water," declared Douglas. "And with such an amount of fresh water in the place we ought surely to come upon some of it flowing into the sea."

We had grunted that our sentiments were the same, and plodded down the beach to our left.

Not a dozen steps away we came upon a brownish object lying in the sands. We paused a moment, looking at it, for nothing dark had been upon them during the night. Then I saw the two depressions made by Doug's body and my own, and at once the things came to us.

"The body of the moth!" exclaimed Doug.

Jim Dowell looked at us quickly, blue eyes wide again.

"The moth?"

I told him of our visitor of the night before, and stooped for the body. But even as my hand was about to touch it, Doug seized my arm.

"Don't!"

I straightened up in some surprise.

"I wouldn't touch the thing, Clarke," Doug said. "It was gray last night, remember. Even in the moonlight there could be no mistake; it was gray. But now—look at it."

The foot-long body was hardly gray now. Brown it had appeared as we approached it, but upon closer examination the brown was slightly greened, and blotched here and there with leprous yellow. I shuddered. Thank Heaven, I hadn't touched the thing! It was covered with a scumlike mold.

Furtively my hand went to my forehead and face again, and as we plodded on I rubbed the skin until, in the white hot rays of the overhead sun, it tingled and drew.

The beach curved ever to our right, and still we came upon no running dip in the glistening sands. And the thirst was growing upon us. I licked my lips again, and found them still as though lately rubbed with grease paint. Yet my body demanded water, water—and my throat was getting dry. Yet, strangely enough, my tongue did not thicken, and the roof of my mouth was smooth.

"What's that?"

Jim was pointing down to the water's edge, where there appeared a great mound of brownish green, set off clearly against the emerald crystal of the waters of the lagoon.

"Rock! Seaweed!"

The words came from all three of us, and unmindful of the beating of the sun, we raced down to it. For seaweed meant crabs in these latitudes, and crabs were food, and food was life.

Yet disappointment met us with her hard, rebuffing hand.

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"Fungus!" exclaimed Doug disgustedly. "Just a great mass of fungus. Hell!"

"It's water I want," grunted Captain Jim. "If I don't find it soon on the beach, I move we break through the stuff and look for it inside."

For some reason neither Douglas nor I made answer to that last suggestion. And something bade me hasten my step to keep abreast of the others. Break through that stuff and look for water inside? I wasn't so sure that I wanted to crash through that low crawling mass of purple bloat. The idea of my bare foot crunching through up to my knee into the hidden flesh of it made me shudder. No, until absolute necessity demanded it, I would place these feet of mine where I could see.

Then Captain Jim gave a whoop.

He had led us straight up the sands from the mass we had examined at the water's edge, and between the weird fungoid forms was a break in the purplish ground mass. The ground dipped slightly, too, and in the tiny depression crept a lichenlike growth, too brilliantly orange in color for beauty, and seeming to my rather stimulated imagination to be the tentatively outthrown pickets of the strange life behind it.

FOR a moment we looked at each other, standing in that dip beneath the soaring forms. I think each of us well knew what was in the others' minds, yet we knew too that if we would live we must go within.

Doug coughed slightly, then, with his eyes on mine, nodded.

"Jim ought to know," he said quietly. "Last night, cap'n, just before we were put to sleep by this stuff, something from inside here made its call. I can't tell you what the cry was like, except that I never heard anything just like it before. It didn't exactly frighten us, either, Cap'n Jim. But there was something to it that"—Doug shrugged his shoulders—"that made us feel that something had gone wrong with the thing that made it. I don't know if you get me, but that's the way it sounded. Something had gone wrong—hopelessly wrong."

Doug turned and his eyes sought the horrid colored depths. "Just thought you ought to know, that's all."

Jim Dowell made no answer.

Yet we stood there some moments before any of us made a move.

Beneath our feet was the lichenous mat of glaring orange, vermilion, running from beneath that purple, crimson mottled, bloated mass that, knee high, lay like a spreading quilt, covering the ground itself in all directions as far as the eye could carry. To our right, within hand reach, stretched a brown mottled trunk of dirty yellow. This rose to the height of perhaps fifteen feet, and there spread out into the umbrella shaped head of a giant toadstool. The gills on the under part of this head were close tightened, and but for the fine radial lines tracing the contracted lips might have been a smooth uncut surface, of a light and greasy green, like the underside of a fish.

To the left was a widespread fan, as wide as the stretch of a tall man's arms, and as high as a man might reach—purple at its base, shading to a green spotted purplish brown at its rounded edge. Where it burst through the bloated cover at our side, small tongues of the orange stuff ran out, as though eager for the light, avidly, lustfully, pursuing its own desire for unhindered life.

Before us ran the depression itself, crowded upon all sides by the purple undercarpet with its oily, leather appearing surface, and overbent by huge,

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heavy-topped forms of musty toadstools. More fanlike growths, strange shapes noduled in uncouth cactus form, queer mounds of grayish white, some of a single leprous hue, others mottled with the greenish brown of mold. Perhaps a dozen paces up the depression the sun broke through upon a large, waist high bowlder—gray green.

The scene was not one to give confidence to men in love with life, clean life of clean sea and clean air. And I confess I did not care to follow up between the purple bloatings bordering the vermilion-tongued depression. But we must have water, and surely such a dip in the ground and such a break in the growth could but argue that in times of storm the water drained thither from the interior of the island.

Douglas himself gave an oath, and started forward.

Then before we knew it something swooped overhead, and we were drenched with a suffocating mass that had fallen upon us from above.

Coughing and choking, we broke out to the beach for air. And looking back, I saw that the great toadstool had bent its head almost upon our own, and discharged a cloud of brownish spores from its suddenly opened gills. My heart had almost stopped beating, and the sense of uncanny menace seized me again with greater strength as I saw the great umbrella head suddenly raise back to its full height, and watched the gills themselves slowly, lap by lap, close until the underside of the thing again was like the belly of a fish, oily smooth.

We found our breath at last, and cleared our throats and eyes and ears of the clinging spores. Then Doug looked again into our eyes.

"Fellows," he said slowly, and as though weighing his words, "the thing did that deliberately."

For a moment there was silence.

Then Captain Jim guffawed—a bit too loudly.

"Nothing but a damned overgrown toadstool! Faugh! Coincidence. We just happened to be there when it burst with ripeness. Come on!"

V

WATER we must have. But as I looked up at that motionless giant fungus, hardly daring to believe that but the moment before it had bent to us and let go its choking cloud of seed upon our heads, I felt that, once discovering that water, we must make all haste to take our fill and return to the sun-swept beach again. And Jim Dowell gave voice to my thoughts.

"Rush it, fellows. Up the creek bed."

Rush we did.

And I, in my greater desperation—or, perhaps, more tumultuous imagination—took the lead. A dozen paces up the depression I came upon the bowlder-like thing, and, not thinking, dropped a hand upon it and vaulted.

The next moment I had crushed through the thin crust of what had seemed solid stone, and head and shoulders deep, was choking in a mass of damp, clabberlike substance. Doug and Jim dragged me forth and cursed me for my foolhardiness, sympathizing the while for the accident. I shook off the clinging pulp of the giant puffball and followed on.

The depression twisted and turned, and each bend gave glimpses of newer and stranger forms of fungus life. Each moment, too, the warmth increased, and the steamy dankness of the heavy exhalations of the strange life surrounding us settled deeper and deeper in our lungs.

Great man-thick trunks soared fifty

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feet into the air here, trunks warted and noduled with masses of parasitical fungi. Huge fluted fangs of leather-surfaced brown spread on either side of us. Giant puff-balls loomed beside us like gray-scum surfaced balloons at anchor on the purple bloated earth. Things spread out in poison splotched yellow greens like enormous fungoid octopi, lying in wait with their thousand warted suckers to trap the unwary and take his life that their own might rush on to completion. But the path itself, save for that first obstacle, was smooth spread before us with its carpet of brilliant vermilion and orange.

Here and there the sun glared through and the colors would clash in hideous contrast, the vapors disappearing and now again would come the slow, silent burst of a vast umbrella head, and the thick air would cloud with suffocating brown.

On we rushed. And at last came a half strangled cry from Doug, who now led, and Captain Jim and I flung ourselves upon our knees beside him and plunged our heads beneath the clear waters of a fungus surrounded pool.

The risk we took in doing that!

When I think of it now, I can see how men of usual good sense may needlessly throw away their lives. We made no test of that water. We thought of nothing else but that it was water. We believed it must be fresh; and even the poisonous looking growth teeming about the pool did not give us thought that the waters, even if fresh, might be polluted. We threw ourselves upon our knees, dipped our burning faces into the clear fluid of that tepid pool in a fungus forest, and drank.

It was Jim, I think, who gave the first cry.

I looked up and saw him, still kneeling, slap at something upon his neck; saw him dip his face again and drink. Then felt something light, yet clinging, touch my own neck. Reached back one hand and brushed. The feeling departed. I dropped my hand again to the lukewarm waters that were so grateful—the sense of something touching my skin came again. Tingling, yet coldly so, coldly—like back there on the vermilion trail—the giant puff-ball.

With a loud yell of alarm I started up, and flung my hands back to my shoulders and neck. Tore them away, and my hands were full of a grayish fungus growth. A mass of the stuff seemed to be enveloping me. I gave another yell, and saw with horror that Jim and Doug were struggling with a foggy cloud of it even as I was.

Jim's cursing began to rend the silent air, and I heard Doug muttering as he strove to fling the suffocating frondlike stuff from about him.

"The trail! The trail!"

Jim this time.

I looked frantically about me. The trail! "Where the devil is the trail out?" Jim's voice rose to almost a shriek.

And I felt my own heart misgive me as I seized a mass of the now warming, puttylike stuff that seemed to grow even as I tore it from my eyes, my face. Warm, warmer now—with the quickening chemistry of life!

The trail—the entrance to the pool! Where—

The fungus walls had closed in about the place, were slowly thickening before my eyes—growing, sending out new shoots, pulsating with avid, eager life—life begotten of the white hot sun and steaming tropic rains. A life that rushed forth, madly demanding more life; life that thought, that sensed, that knew, that menaced—

A shadow cast over us, and raising

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my eyes I beheld three great umbrella heads bending over. Even as my eyes were cast up upon them, their great gill lips opened as if by concerted action, and again came the drench of suffocating brown spores.

I heard Doug's voice, half choked, desperate.

"To your right, Clarke. To your right, Jim. Break, break now—or you never will."

It rose to a crescendo of horror at the end—Douglas Gordon crying out with horror—with fear. I fell, tripped by a great spongy mass that seemed to grow out of the very earth. I stamped it down, and other stuff grew, unfolded, shot upward to and about me in putty-like fronds, clinging, warmly now, thrilling my skin with the feel of their resistless life energy, their will, their *will* to live, and their determination to add our lives to their own.

Another shadow above. Another silent descent of a great spore cloud. Another gasping curse from Jim or Doug, I could not tell which.

"To your right!"

Soft, clammy warm, so easily pulled off, destroyed, torn asunder—yet growing, growing, enveloping us, throbbing with life, determination—another cloud above, overshadowing all. With a last desperate effort I struggled to my feet, tore away the gray stuff that clung, ever growing, to my face, eyes, nose—and crashed with all my remaining strength through the thick of the walled mass to my right. One great sobbing moment, and the sun shone down again on a hideous motley of poisonous color and giant forms. I was free.

But Doug. And the captain.

Back there. And I—I alone. I plunged back, only to be thrown against the purple bloating that walled the little depression as two gray-shrouded, uncouth figures broke through into the clear.

"Clarke! Clarke!"

One of the figures turned as if to go back, and I caught it by its horrid arm.

"Doug! I'm Clarke. I'm all right, Jim!"

"Thank God! All here. To the beach."

AH, THE cleansing action of the clear salt water of that beautiful emerald lagoon!

I cannot tell you how we rushed into it, threw ourselves down into its limpid cleanness. The stuff broke up, dissolved to mere shreds of itself. Salt, salt water—it seemed that the fungus stuff found a sole life-destroying element in the salt water of the sea. We bathed in it frantically, rubbing the last bits of the foul growth from our skins.

We breathed deep, but found ourselves choking with gray froth in our nasal passages, our lungs, our mouths. Desperately, one by one, we plunged into the deeper part of the lagoon, and, despite the spasmodic effort of a reluctant nature, deliberately breathed in the cleansing fluid. Then would a companion, gasping for breath against the choking fungus developing in his very lungs, haul us out and cast us strangling and gagging upon the glistening coral strand. Then he would fling himself into the sea, and in turn be dragged out, and belly down, drain himself of the cleaner element and gulp, in great convulsive heavings the pure, life-giving air.

In another fear now we threw ourselves back into the lagoon and even as we had gulped of the fresh waters of the treacherous pond far up that twisting color-clashed glade, gulped now of the salt. But at last we deemed our

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bodies saved, and we relaxed in the scorching sun, forgetful of the burning that was sure to follow, only grateful for its purging warmth and light.

A dread weakness took us, and in that weakness we cared not what might come against us from out of the sea. It at least was clean. That hot, lustful, fungoid life was not. Here, we knew we might have a chance for life, a fighting chance, and if death were our lot at least we might expect that it, too, would be clean. But back there—

TWO things, however, must be spoken of. First—it was Doug who brought up that.

The Kanaka boy—what of him?

"He jumped with me," volunteered Captain Jim. "Jumped with me in the ruck of it out there. I hollered to him to keep close to me, but the little devil could swim like a fish and I've no doubt he reached the beach long before I did. Lord knows I was slow enough."

For a moment there was silence. Then Doug again: "Good God!"

The words were not a profanation. They were more a prayer, and I think Jim and I both knew well enough what Douglas Gordon feared. No lashing sea could have beaten the brown lad

As we battled there in the poison-colored, nightmare forest, the pitiful fungus creatures hopped about and called to us in their furry voices

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down. He must have reached the lagoon; he must have reached these very sands. Yet we had not seen him, nor any trace. What else then might we expect?

Minutes passed in which we drew in the grateful air which now with the coming of the night stirred in gentle motion.

Then Captain Jim spoke again.

"We must get off this island. But to get off we must have two things, something that will bear us up in the water, and something to eat and drink."

"Heaven forbid drinking at that pool again," I muttered.

Captain Jim raised himself on one elbow.

"Yet water we must have, my boy. And, food. But what to eat—what to drink—"

He raised himself again, inquiringly, his face grave in the moonlight.

"Coming down the beach this morning, did either of you see any drift from the schooner? Wood? Oars? Chests? One of those little pontoon rafts we got in Sydney? Anything?"

Slowly we shook our heads.

The only things upon the beach had been the body of the giant moth lying near where Doug and I had slept in the sands, and the huge mound of fungus not a hundred yards from where we now lay. Nothing else.

And Captain Jim echoed again our thoughts in monotonous repetition.

"We must get off this island. We must get off."

Then we stiffened, staring at each other in suspense and question.

From far in the interior of the fungoid forest above us had come again that strange unearthly cry. Again, the lonely, hopeless, sheer horror of it quickened our hearts, yet chilled the leaping blood in our veins.

Low at first, then ever rising higher, higher, higher, the weird cry came to a crescendo pitch that cut every nerve. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, it droned away in a sobbing diminuendo moan, a dying echo of hopelessness and utter despair.

Down, down, down it fell—until we strained to hear.

Then the black depths, with the moonlit monster silhouettes ranging above, became as silent as before, as darkly mysterious, as menacing, as deadly with its waiting malignant life force as we had found it when we fought that very life force by the pool.

VI

DESPITE our weakness we could not think of sleep. We lay there in the sands staring back upon black forest, from the depths of which had come that cry. Twice now we had heard it, Doug and I. We knew now that the first had been no nightmare, no horrid fiction of our imaginations. Something lived within those horrid depths, something besides the giant gray moths, something other than the silently waiting and diabolic fungus.

"Animal?"

Doug's wondering voice questioned the stars above. And I found that I could say neither yes nor no. We were animals, we humans, and the strenuous demands of that life within the island—and island it surely must be—had all but made our animal bodies its own. How could that cry have come then from anything of the animal kingdom? But could it be of vegetable origin? Of fungoid? That, too, could not be answered with a simple yes or no.

Captain Jim's words, coming in answer, and yet not in answer, to Doug's

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query, brought again the desperateness of our situation.

"It cried out, at any rate. It must be different from anything we've seen so far. And anything different might mean something that will save us."

"How do you mean?" I demanded, rolling over so as to face him.

His answer came in one word.

"Food."

Again we relapsed into silence.

Food, indeed—and water.

Without thought my tongue ran along my lips, and then came the consciousness that now they were dry and cracked. And I was thirsty. I recalled that earlier in the day when first we had set out to search for water the call for fluid had been just as strong, but my lips, my mouth, my throat, had not been dried. No. Instead they had felt as though smoothed with grease paint, camphor ice. Now—now that sensation was gone.

I started—the salt water I had drunk to kill the crowding fungus growth that would have choked me! It had cut the greasy feel, and it had cut, later, the fungus itself. Had that first smoothness been but a result of the spores drifted upon us during the night? Had it? If it had, then—

I found myself repeating, too, in dulled monotony:

"Fellows, we must get off this island. We must get off this island. We—we're threatened. Our lives, our bodies—we must get off this island."

"How do you feel now?" demanded Captain Jim.

I shook my head.

"Like a rag, eh? Well, my boy, no one wants to get off this filthy spot any more'n I do. But we've got to find something to get off on, don't we? And we've got to have some strength before we can even search. Sleep now, that's the dope. Come morning, we'll search for some wreckage from the Emerald Spray—go clean around the cursed island. Something'll show up, sure. But now, take it easy and sleep."

The advice was good.

I grinned weakly at him, and murmured a response.

But no sooner had I settled myself for sleep than my skin prickled once more as that weird call came again from the depths of the island.

I sat up instantly, turning my face to the interior. And Doug and Jim, I noticed, were not behind me in apprehensive movement.

Again came the call. And even before it dropped to the final sobbing wail there arose above the forest a veritable cloud of the great flapping moths. Once more under the moon they waved in and out, up and down, in inexplicable play in the now breathless night. Perhaps ten minutes passed as we watched, eyes hypnotically held upon the moon-touched gray of them. Then, as if by preconcerted order, they dropped back into the black mass from which they had arisen.

With another grunt Captain Jim turned back and wriggled to a more comfortable position in the coral bed.

But Doug himself was the one who mentioned the fear they had suddenly brought to me.

"May they have a pleasant night's rest," he said; then added with undue emphasis: "And stay right there for the rest of the night."

"Right!" The ejaculation burst with vehemence from Jim.

SOMEWHERE in the night I began to dream.

A great cloud of those huge gray things had winged their way from the center of the island. Their horrid-eyed

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leader saw us, indeed they seemed to have risen again from their black retreat for the very purpose of seeking us out, and steered the mass of them our way. Over our recumbent sleeping forms they fluttered and dipped and rose and dipped again, watching us, making sure, gaining strength in numbers, and in will. Then, as one, they had descended upon us, covering our bodies completely with their yeasty wings, crawling over our skins, seeking, feeling, rubbing.

We struggled against the suffocation of their mass. The musty smell of dank mold choked our lungs. It became insufferable. We began to struggle. To fight even as we had fought back there by the pool. And like that devilish fungus, leaping forth into hot breathed life even as we ripped and tore and fought, they broke beneath our effort, crumbled to nothing, vanished—only to be replaced by countless hordes of newer things, leaping up in full life and body from the broken remnants of the old.

The weight of them. The overpowering odor of their moldy foot-long bodies. . . .

I flung out my arms in a last frantic effort to throw them off—and found myself lying on the open sands of the beach, with the glittering diamond points of the blue-black sky staring in cold wonder down upon me. I glanced over to my companions. Beneath the white light of the moon their chests rose and fell to the deep breathing of sleep. I was a fool. I had been dreaming.

And yet—something, something was now right about us.

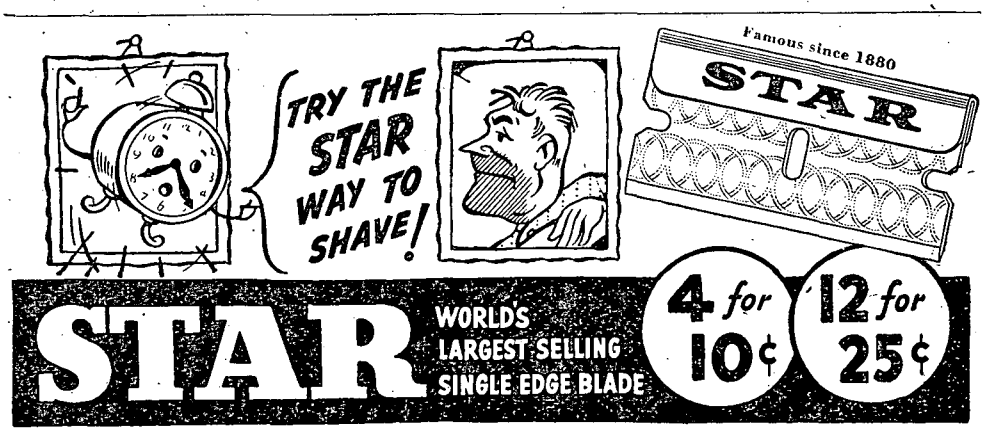
Something was close upon us. Watching us. Had even noted my wakening movements, and retreated somewhat. Yet, retreating, still watched—and thought. Watched and thought, and—I felt it uncannily—did *not* fear.

I sat bolt upright with a jerk. And would have cried out but that my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth.

Between us and the great mound near the water's edge a hundred steps away stood a group of figures. Upright they stood, even as men, and I found myself counting them as I stared. Five—five; yes, certainly, there were five of them.

Not twenty paces away from us they stood, and though the moon gave no hint of white upon the faces of them, I knew that they were intently watching us.

For some minutes I sat thus, petrified, staring at the five figures and feeling their own stare upon me. A gentle breeze had again arisen, and the lulling *lap-lap* of waters on the beach brought me finally to a sense of reality.



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This was no dream. Here was the beach, spreading silver to right and to left. Above was the dense black of the fungus forest. Below, not a step away, the flashing waters of the clean lagoon. Overhead were the same old stars, and at my side Douglas Gordon and Captain Jim.

And these things that watched—no, certainly they did not fear; but neither did they menace. Just stood and watched. Pity? Was it *pity* I sensed in their distant regard?

I whispered softly. "Doug. Jim."

My companions did not show by word or movement that they had heard me. Evenly their deep respirations showed their sleep.

I called again, a bit louder, and from the tail of my eye saw the five figures retreat a step toward the dark mass behind them.

"Doug. Jim!"

Had they not awakened then, I believe I should have given a veritable bellow. The feeling that I was alone with that staring quintet out there was not calming in its effect.

Silently then I pointed.

And Doug and Jim froze even as had I.

Then, slowly, came a gasp from Jim.

"Whew-w-w! What the devil—"

He started to his feet, and Doug and I were instantly at his side. All the exhaustion of the earlier night slipped from me. If this were to be the end, I was ready for it. These things before us were alive, and alive with animal life, not fungoid. And if fight we must now, the odds were not so bad, and the struggle would at least be clean. Blood against blood.

Yet, these things did not menace.

The five of them retreated another step, then gathered together, heads close bent.

"Show 'em we're peaceful. Raise your arms up and hold 'em so," whispered Doug tensely.

At our motion the figures seemed to stiffen once more. Then the heads went closer. Thus a moment, and now one of the figures stepped a half dozen paces nearer to us.

Grotesque, that figure was. Upright like a man, and yet in the moonlight surely no man had so appeared before. The face should have stood out milk-pale in the silver light, and its features clear. Some grace, too, there would have been, some trimness of form. But this creature had none of these. The face turned upon us was of the same weirdly mottled cast as the rest of the body, and the latter itself was neither trim nor shapely. It seemed peculiarly broken in outline. Distorted. Uncouth. Broken. Things—things hung upon it, dangled from it, crusted over it, like a thing unclean.

Unclean! The thought rushed to me, and I felt my raised arms tremble. Unclean, even as the fungoid stuff had been upon us when we had torn from its menacing life force in there by the pool.

"QUIET," cautioned Doug.

The creature came closer.

It, too, raised one arm, and slowly waved it to and fro.

But a couple of fair leaps' distance from us, it came to a halt, half turned as though ready to flee at our slightest hostile move. And then we could see the full horror of its body, and I knew that the mold I had smelled in my dream of the cloud of great gray moths had come veritably from these.

Legs, body, and arms were ridged and mottled and fringed with fungus-like growths—ghastly, splotched green and gray in the moonlight. The head

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itself was a huge modular mass of the same gruesome hues. And of features it seemed to have none, though from somewhere in the fungus crusted face of the thing shone two deep-set eyes, the only part of the creature that appeared alive.

I heard Jim's quick, indrawn hiss as we stared.

Then came a movement in the lower part of the face of the thing, and in a low, motonous, furry-soft voice it spoke. We shook our heads. It spoke again, and the same sounds seemed repeated.

In startling contrast boomed Captain Jim's voice.

"No *sabe*. Say it again."

The creature took one step back, and repeated. Then raised its arms again in a beckoning movement.

Jim turned to us. "Does it want us to follow? Shall we go?"

Doug's voiced sentiments were my own.

"I certainly am not going to lie here in the sand while those things are around. Yes. Go ahead."

We took a step forward. And the creature nodded its awful head, and turned away, stepping slowly and silently toward his fellows and the hill-like mound of fungus near the lagoon. Shortly he turned and glanced at us, raised his arm, still beckoning, and went on.

In wondering silence we followed. The others joined him, and walked on in a compact group until in the very shade of the mound.

There the first creature raised his arm, and signaled us to stop. Then he pointed to the great mass, then to himself, and then to us. Back to the mass of fungus again. And began to talk once more in his peculiar, furry-throated, monotonous tones.

"What does it mean?" demanded Captain Jim, turning to us, his wrinkled brow contrasting oddly with the light of half fear in his eyes.

We shrugged our shoulders.

Doug stepped forward toward the stuff. He raised his arm and elaborately pointed at it.

"You mean that?"

The great mottled head of the thing nodded eagerly.

"What about it, then? What's it to us?"

The peculiar voice came again, pointing once more to the fungus mound, to us, to his fellows, back to the mound.

"Hanged if I know what he wants," exclaimed Jim. "Something about that stuff there."

With a sudden thought coming to me, I stepped quickly toward the mound to examine it. But no sooner was I close upon it than all five creatures leaped in a line between it and me and began to claw eagerly at the fungus growth on the surface. I jumped to them to help. Instantly one of them emitted a short cry and seized me by the arm.

The damp, clinging touch of the creature filled me with a spasm of fear. I swept at the arm that had reached to me, and to my horror it seemed to break beneath my blow—break and a crustlike bit of ridgelike excrescence upon it fell to my feet.

At once the five of them turned and fled toward the blackness of the forest and disappeared within its shadows.

Then, once more, came that awful call.

VII

WATCH and watch we stood for the rest of the night, judging the hours by the passage of the moon.

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But before falling back into my hollowed resting place I went to the lapping waters and scrubbed my hands and arms and face. Rubbed and rubbed, in feverish regard for thoroughness, my left hand and forearm, for with it I had touched the creature. That contact had been unclean.

The others watched a moment in silence, then one by one, and without word or explanation, they also laved themselves in the purifying salt water of the lagoon.

Toward morning Doug awakened me with a touch. The moon was overcast with a single black cloud, and we were soaked in the drenching downpour of a tropical squall. He nodded as I lay back, for a moment, arms spread wide, mouth open.

"Take your time, Clarke. Let it soak in. This rain may save our lives."

We awakened Captain Jim. He, too, stretched so that every part of his body might be cleansed now from the sticky salt. He, too, lay face to the storm, mouth open, drinking in hungrily the great heavy drops of fresh water. Then the beach was flooded with silver again, and the silence fell like a pall.

From the fungus growth above us came a breath of the warm, mold-rank mist, drifting along the sands, spreading out, all seeking. Thus it covered the strand for a moment, then, with a counterwhip of breeze from seaward, disappeared.

So the others lay them down again, and I took over the watch.

CLEAR thought came to me as I paced the smooth coral sands, and traced again the events that had put us in this predicament.

The long search in the semi-desert land of western Australia, the search impelled by that whispering hearsay drifting so tentatively, yet so persistently, through the public houses of Melbourne. The half jocular suggestion that Doug had made.

"Let's get the stuff, Clarke."

Then, with the romance of the thing covering all doubt with its veil of glamour, a serious desire to follow up the insistently recurring rumor. Then the search, and finally the discovery of the great petrified log in the heart of which we had come upon the solid block of glowing fire opal. How we had clasped hands over it—the light of fortune in our eyes.

Then the long, careful, conveying of the precious stone. The report that our success was known at Melbourne. Our decision to change our point of destination to Sydney. The ambuscade when not twenty miles from that port, and the theft of our fortune.

Our search for clews. Then the certainty that the half-caste, Point-Five Markleigh, with his company of cronies in crime, had sailed with the opal in the stolen schooner, Black Moth, for that haven of all thieves, all treachery, all degenerate vice, Macao.

Two weeks later our own schooner, owned by Captain Jim, shoving off through the twisted harbor of Sydney in pursuit.

And now—this.

My thirst had departed, but I was filled now with a great hunger. I recalled my boyhood days, mushroom hunting in the pasture land of the hills behind our town. And I found myself staring up at the fungus of the island —somewhere I had read that there were nearly eight hundred known varieties of mushroom, the greater proportion of them edible. Surely, somewhere in that fecund growth would be some fungoid that we could eat. Its sustaining powers might be weak, yes.

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But anything was better than nothing, and a filled stomach gives at least the feel of coming strength.

Those great moths—must eat. The horrid manlike creatures—must eat. Both lived; both must be sustained by some kind of food that grew in that weird and fearsome forest.

My pacing drew me closer to the long, narrow hill of the fungus stuff on the beach. The things had led us to it; obviously that had been their intention. Intention argues the power to think. And they had spoken. I shuddered. Were they men, or were they, like the moths, half fungoid? The way that fringing ridge had sloughed off the thing's arm at my first slight violence!

But why had they come to us? Come with such obviously peaceful intentions? Pointed out the mound there? Torn at its lower surface with their moldy, handlike paws? Then, at my touch, fled for the shelter of their uncanny retreat?

The stars were retiring now, and the silhouetted forms peering above the island clear cut against a flushing dawn.

Near the fungus mound I saw the broken lump of stuff that I had knocked from the creature's arm. I knew now that salt water would cleanse, and an irresistible curiosity drew me closer to the thing. I stooped and picked it up. It crumbled in my hands, like the yeasty wings of the giant moth that first night. One part, however, seemed of stronger texture. I rubbed it, placed it in the palm of one hand, and smote it with the other.

Then, in sudden comprehension, leaped to the water's edge and scrubbed it in the crystal fluid. Then stood long and quietly, with heart heavily pumping, staring first at the grotesque and poisonously colored fungus of the fast lighting forest, then to the incomprehensible, yet in a way horribly illuminating, thing I held in my palm.

I raised a hand to my forehead, and jerked it down again with a sudden cry. My skin had felt as though incrusted with a bubbled grease. My hand was covered again with greenish brown mold. I raised it to my nostrils, cried out again and dashed down the beach to my companions.

One look, and I dared not touch them with my hands. I cried wildly to them to awaken. They came jerkily to a sitting position, wild-eyed in alarm. Then with cries of horror stared upon each other. Faces, necks, hands, exposed feet and wrists were covered with a finger-thick moldy crust. And Mack's hair was a mass of feathery gray.

Madly we dashed again into the salt lagoon. And came from it many, many minutes later, clean, but with skin strangely drawing and tingling. And on Doug's left cheek was a whitish spot, which, as the natural flood of life fluid rushed to the place to rebuild the broken tissue, rapidly became veined with crimson.

Silence then, for there was no need to speak what we now felt was certainty.

Without a word I showed them what I had come upon beneath the crust broken from the creature's arm. Then, at last, Douglas spoke, and his voice throbbed not so much with fear as with deep pity.

"Cloth! Part of a shirt! The things were men."

But Captain Jim amended the statement, with a fear in his voice that doubled the tingling on my skin.

"You mean," he whispered—"you mean they *had* been men."

His eyes seemed to center hypnotically upon the blotch upon Doug's cheek.

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and slowly my old friend flushed; then turned away.

THERE is but little use in recounting our search for drift from the wreck. Suffice it to say that before noon time arrived we had made our way completely around the island, only to come at last upon the long mound near which we had spent the night. We held a short consultation, and decided that we must try the material the island afforded.

It was with loathing that we approached the vermilion-carpeted glen upon which we had made our search for water the day before. And at once I caught sight of a flitting figure in the depths, a figure whose gray-mottled dull green and erect posture showed that the manlike things were watching our every move.

The giant trunk of the towering fungus that had first drenched us with its brown cloud of spores was easily pushed over by our combined effort. And the flat head of the thing, its diameter as great as our arms could stretch, twisted off and fell limply flat at our feet.

We dragged the leprous trunk to the water's edge, and, with hope beating high, out into the deeper waters of the lagoon. Then again did our hearts drop, for the fungoid log sank like a plummet to the bottom.

We returned and dragged down the great fluted fan whose hideous green speckled purple brown was so greasy to the touch. It, too, sank.

It was then that Captain Jim began to curse the fire opal that had brought us to this place of horrible and deathly existence.

"Unlucky!" he cried suddenly. "Opals—always unlucky. The curse of the ages is on them, and misfortune they bring to man. I'm through. I'm going back there to find something to eat. I don't care if it kills me now, I'm through. The cursed things are unlucky. We're going to die here, anyway, horribly, and I'm going to eat. Anything! Anything! Those man-things must eat. And I'm going to. I'm *through*. I'm going to eat."

And before Doug or I could stop him, he had dashed up the beach and disappeared.

Go in after him? Doug made a move to follow, and I held him back with all the desperate strength I had left.

"No," I cried. "No, no, *no!* Doug, in God's name, don't follow! Don't. He'll come to his senses when the—the things in there get after him. He'll come to his senses after their first touch. He can get out again. No; no."

Doug slumped to the creamy, clean sands.

"We must get off this island. We must."

Then without a word he jumped to his feet, and tearing off his shirt, dropping his trousers, he started for the lagoon.

"Wait!" I cried. "What are you going to do? You can't swim to safety."

"No," he returned calmly. "But I can swim out to the reef and bring back some parts of the Emerald Spray from which we can make a raft."

In my desperation I followed him to the strand. Then gripped his arm again.

"You can't," I whispered. "Look."

The great triangular dorsal fins of sharks cruised in the quiet waters.

"You can't," I repeated. "They're surer death than Jim has gone to. You must not go."

"We must get off this island," he muttered, staring out at the green combers battering the distant reef.

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From behind us came the rising wail we knew so well. At once came an answering call.

Spellbound, we turned and watched, expectant of I know not what.

Closer and closer came the calls. Rising in hopeless wail, falling again with that shuddering sob of hopelessness and despair.

Then suddenly rose a cry that was different, a scream of fear.

As one we started for the vermilion trail.

Yet before we had gone ten steps a figure broke through the purple bloating undergrowth and rushed down to us, howling with fear. At our feet it fell to its knees, raising arms trailing with leprous growth—a face on which was sprouted the moldy, green-brown nodular excrescences we had seen the night before.

But the voice was different. Clearer. Somehow familiar. It pleaded with us, and a word or two of blurred English came to our startled ears.

The trailing arms gesticulated. Pointed back at the forest. Then to us. To the sea. Back to the fungus.

With a sudden oath Doug seized the mold-odored creature by the arm and dragged it toward the water.

"Doug!" I cried.

"Help me!" he snapped. "Help me! He knows something. To the water—to the water! Maybe then he can speak."

VIII

THE creature was—or, I should say, had been—the Kanaka boy.

In terror he came to us, terror of something that had come upon him in the midst of the island's haunting growth. But it was with cries of desperate fear that he tried to fight Doug and me off when we dragged him to the waters.

I know now why this was.

I know now that the fungus stuff had so worked into his very flesh that the action of the salt water was nothing less than torture. I know now that while the fringing crust of the stuff sloughed off his skin almost instantly under the decomposing action of the saline fluid's chemistry, the growth had already, in these two days upon the island, worked in its horrid development so as to penetrate the skin and spread out into the living red flesh beneath. And I know that, though we saved the lad from the living death that would have been his upon this fearful bit of land, nevertheless we almost took away that life in the process of salvage.

At last his frantic strength gave way to exhaustion, and when we finally bore him from the lagoon and laid him upon the glistening sand, he collapsed in a wilted, sobbing heap.

And Doug and I looked at each other now with a full comprehension of the doom that was ours with horrible certainty, were we to sojourn longer in this place. There was but one kind of life upon the island—fungoid. The only creatures natural to the island, the giant moths, were all but fungoid. The things that had visited us during the night had once been men even as we—but they, too, were now all but fungoid. During the nighttime, when we slept and our own resistance was at the ebb, we ourselves had fallen beneath the power of that malignant life. And this Kanaka lad, with but two days in the midst of that hotly teeming life, had all but succumbed.

And Jim, Captain Jim—he had fallen to the cries of his body for food, and even now was somewhere, some-

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where—we stared into the violently poison color of the stuff—in there.

We recalled the battle we had had with the living stuff that, even as we tramped it down and tore off its clinging growth, had leaped up with renewed vigor, with relentless persistency, diabolic menace.

Doug, wide eyed, took his eyes off the exhausted boy for a moment, and voiced my own thought.

"The damned stuff all but beat us down, Clarke. Filled our throats, our lungs, our bodies. It would have killed. But this lad here—is still alive. And those other poor devils—they're still alive. Is there something that—that kills the human in a man, kills the clean animal of him, and yet allows his body, in its form at least, to still keep on? To still, in its ghastly way, live on?"

I shook my head. How did I know? It was unbelievable, and yet in that creature of the night, and in the Kanaka, did we not have something of proof? And on our own bodies, the same? That grayish blotch on Doug's own cheek. I found myself staring at it, and dropped my eyes guiltily only when the sudden flush rushed to it, and my partner covered it with a quick flash of his hand.

"But why," I demanded, speaking more to myself than to him—"why, when these other—men—found themselves falling beneath the influence of the stuff, did they not get off the island?"

Doug stared out into the placid emerald crystal of the lagoon. My own eyes followed his as they watched the tacking dorsal fins of the great sharks.

Then he gave a short cough.

"I choose the water and the sharks first," he suddenly cried.

"I, too."

Yet, why, if they had been men, had these others not chosen the quick, clean death themselves? Did they take the chance here because of hope—hope for a rescue?

Then, if that were true, I argued, why had they not come to us at once, as soon as they discovered the presence of clean men upon the shores, and on their mold crusted knees pleaded for deliverance?

"They didn't do it," I insisted; "they didn't do it."

Doug watched the slow breathing of the brown lad, the blotched leprous discoloring of his once sleek skin.

"They came to us last night," he suggested. "They tried to speak to us. They wanted to tell us something; and, fools that we were, we scared them off."

"I know that," I cried. "But if they really feared the life here, if they really wanted to get off this devilish place, they must have known that we were their best bet. Why did they run from us, back to—back to that?"

Then in Doug's eye, steadily fixed upon mine, I saw his answer. And it was even as I feared. The horror of it, the pity! It was the only answer that could be, the only answer that could clear these things that had been men from the charge of mental and physical cowardice. A great rush of emotion rose to my throat, and I choked back a gulping sob. Captain Jim—in there—now—even now—in the beginning of his—

"The boy here had been in there two days," he cried. "He rushed out from it to us in some great fear. Yet he had been in there two whole days—eating—drinking. Yet, in sudden fear, with those cries behind him—rushed out to us—"

I touched the lad with my foot. He did not stir. His long, labored breath-

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ing told the story of a complete exhaustion.

"He will stay here for some time," I said. "Come, friend. We must follow Captain Jim. We must save him. We must get him, and then the four of us, while we are men, must get away. Away, Doug. You hear me—we must get away. We—"

And suddenly I came to a full halt, my face hot with the rush of shame. For my own voice had wailed in my ears with a note of hysteria.

Then Doug seized my arm again, and we walked steadily up the sands, over the vermilion carpet of the tiny glade.

An involuntary shudder shook me from head to foot as we passed the giant puffball into which I had crunched and all but buried myself when first we had sought for water. And the feeling came strong upon me again that the bloated purple that covered the ground as far as the eye could see was watching us, creeping out to inclose us, and I came to fear a glance to our rear lest—I should find we were already cut off from the haven of the beach.

The huge gaunt stalks of the fungus soared again about us, and the sickening stench of the hotly palpitant life force of the stuff steamed in our nostrils once more.

Twice there came a sudden, shadowy movement over our heads, and each time followed the drenching discharge of a suffocating cloud of brown spores.

But on we marched, Douglas and I, in the vain hope that before we succumbed we might find Captain Jim, and drag him, even if it be against his will, back to the clean chemistry of the waters of the blessed life-saving lagoon.

IX

HOW long we tramped through the silent fungus I do not know. Hours, I suppose, and not a second of the time were we free of the feeling that the stuff was watching our every move, waiting for us to get deeper within its hot heart, breathing upon us its dankly soporific breath, gathering to itself an overwhelming potential of life strength that this battle might be our last. Then, quite suddenly, and almost upon us, it seemed, came the wailing cry of the man-creatures.

Instantly a deep guttural curse.

We wheeled about, and there, squatting on his hams beneath a great fluted fan—specked with a thousand eyes of arsenic green on its leathery brown surface—was Captain Jim. In his hands he held a broken chunk of the stuff, and over this he peered with glaring eyes at our intrusion. Glared, then ducked his head into the horrid mass of the thing he held and ate. Raised his face again, chewing voraciously.

"Jim!"

The word burst from both of us.

With an oath he leaped to his feet.

"Get away! Get out!"

The voice was hardly his. The eyes were hardly his. The action was that of a maniac.

Before we could say a word, he had dropped to a squatting position again, and with his eyes gleaming balefully over his crust of fungus began to feed once more.

My partner's grip on my arm again.

I looked where he silently indicated, and started. But a step from where Captain Jim squatted lay one of the man-creatures, sprawled awkwardly, motionless, silent. And I knew in my heart that the thing was dead. Dead—and Captain Jim—

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Doug whispered in my ear.

"Those cries just before the Kanaka boy rushed out to us— Had they—those things—attacked Jim?"

Hardly had he spoken when again came the sobbing wail, from close at hand. And just beyond Captain Jim we made out four of the grotesque fungoid figures. Their own coloring was that of the lower growth, and it was only their sudden movement that made us aware of their presence. They were not watching us, however. Their eyes, half hidden in the horrid nodular and befringed growth on their faces, were on Jim.

"They don't mean any harm to us or him, Doug!" I whispered. "They want to help. And yet—yet he's killed one of them, killed one."

"Come on!"

And we leaped upon Captain Jim.

He seemed to have gathered a triple strength from the food he had eaten. Down the three of us went, with the fungus stuff crunching beneath. I sensed a shadow pass over us again, and even as I fought awaited the downpour of brown spores. Then wondered that it did not come.

For a moment then my eyes were held by the glaring orbs of Captain Jim as he cursed and struggled to throw us off. Then a movement beyond us caught my glance again, and I saw that the four man-creatures had approached in a group, and were watching intently, hopping, in uncanny watching of the battle, from one foot to another. And above the cursing came the furry calls again and again.

"Fools!"

The word came in a veritable shriek from Jim.

"Fools! Eat the stuff, eat it. God! You've never eaten the like before. Stop this. Cut it. There, damn you, take that! Will you let me alone? Will you try to stop me from eating this—"

And his voice trailed off in a sobbing curse.

Doug, struggling with the madman's right arm as was I with his left, cried above the mêlée:

"The stuff's got him, too, Clarke. Fight for his life now. For his life and ours."

Ah, I cannot tell of the battle there in that ungodly place, with the feel of the utterly damned about us. The sense of a life force holding itself in until the most propitious moment for onslaught, watching us, menacing—The hellish coloring, the nightmare forms. The warm vapor, life-laden, sodden. And those four pitiful things that had been men, grouped there, hopping about in excitement as they watched, calling with their furry voices as we fought.

Twice my bare foot broke through the leathery surface of the purple bloat beneath us, and the tiny vermilion tongues of the palpitant fungoid beneath leaped forth, flickered, spread in a living mat under our heaving forms—warmly, dankly, horribly alive.

AGAIN and again the shadows crossed and recrossed over us, as the giant umbrella heads of towering stools peered down, as though watching the progress of the struggle. And my fears ebbed and flowed each time, yet each time the shadows passed and the dread drench of spores did not come. What are the things holding off for, I wonder? Did they know? Were they certain now that their turbulent, though silent, life force would in the end have its way? Did they know that Captain Jim already had partially succumbed, and that if he defeated my partner and me, we, too, would be-

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come as those man-creatures peering at us there? Did this fungus life know? Could it reason?

Strange thoughts, you may say. Aye, they were strange thoughts. Yet had you been there— Had you been struggling in that warmly steaming hell, feeling with every resistant sense of you that that steaming hell itself was alive with evil purpose and malignant desire—ah!

"*Eat!*" screamed Jim again. "Stop. Eat it yourselves. Then—damn you! —then, you'll know. Then, *then,* you'll stop. *Eat—*"

"You fool!" stormed Douglas. "Be a man—a *man,* Captain Jim!"

The words seemed to penetrate some undrugged part of Jim's mind. His eyes slowly changed. His struggles ceased. He lay back in our arms, and gasped in great gulps of the warm, throbbing, sodden air. Then, quickly, he brushed his eyes with his arm.

"Doug! Clarke! In Heaven's name —where—what—" He stared about him. He covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. "Take me out, take me out. Before it comes on me again. You don't know. You can't know—"

We held him between us, and taking our bearing by the sun, dipped in the west, started for the distant beach.

A furry cry came then from the pitiful man creatures, and I swung about with a knotted fist ready to fend off their attack. But they took the lead before us, and hopped on in their peculiar gait, turning now and again to beckon us on.

And Captain Jim groaned aloud.

"One of them—back there—the Kanaka boy was eating the stuff. Said it was good. So I tried it—was coming back to you. Forgot. I—*forgot.* Then they came—and one of them—tried to stop me. The boy was with them. They seemed to know—tried to stop me. I went mad. The boy ran, screaming. I didn't think—I ate, *ate—*"

"We know, Jim," Doug whispered. "We know."

Then the sun was suddenly blotted out. The purple bloat beneath our feet arose, furrowed, and broke. The stream of released living vapor enveloped us. And with a silent, but palpitating rush, the living fungus leaped again to hot, lustful life.

The weird hopeless call came distantly.

"*Keep together!*" cried Jim. "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

X

THE trailing tatters of gray stuff grew on the beach where we flung them. Spread. Carpeted the coral sands with a shroud of spongy fungus that filled the air with the warm stream of its diabolically effervescent rush into life, and more life, and yet more. Reached out, arose in great cloudlike masses until, overtopped with its own weight, it fell with a sickening crunch and a puff of steaming spores that brought forth new masses.

Shapes arose in it, nodular, spherical, huge soaring forms that burst into great umbrella heads, matured, and drenched the lower masses of stuff with the brown clouds of their fertilizing dust. Huge fan-shapes of the hideous green-specked brown leaped up in our very path. The gray underfoot took on the purplish tinge of the bloated quilting of the main forest.

Our lungs were filling. Great masses of the gray stuff choked my very throat, the warmth of its generation burning the membranes, the steamy mold of it dulling my senses.

But one thought—the lagoon—

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We plunged in.

To the very water's edge that tremendous life energy beat its way—gray masses of it, huge stalks of leprous yellow, pale purples and fishbelly greens—slowly, as we fought there in the salt waters for life, changing to the deeper colors of the more hideous shade. Sickening miasmic steam spread low and seeking.

Spore heads burst—giant puffballs—great roached mounds—and all ebullient with the terrific life force of a malignant fungus that owed its supergenerative powers to the torrid tropical sun and the steaming tropical downpours. And perhaps to some strange seed fetched out of the depths of the sea from a prehistoric continent long submerged—brought to the fertilizing heat and moisture of the equatorial belt by the tiny coral insect that builds great lands. And here—rushing at us, great things peering out over the very water upon us, bursting in a brown stench of spores—then, one of them, overbalanced in horrid eagerness, fell into the sea.

With the speed of its growth it disintegrated, dissolved, disappeared. We gave a feeble shout. The salt lagoon was our refuge—in the water we were safe.

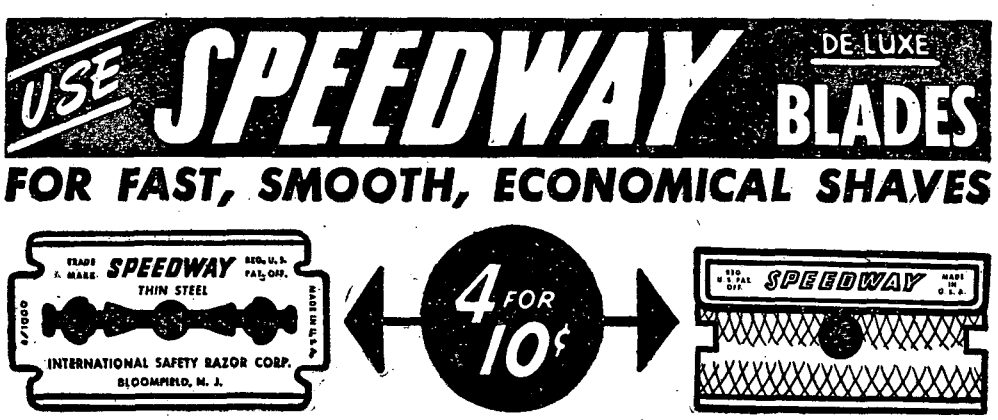
Then a sudden cry from the Kanaka boy, who had come to life again during our absence. And sailing in upon us, tacking to right, tacking to left but approaching with relentless certainty, was the great dorsal fin of a shark.

We stared at the baffled fungus, and out to that white and gray messenger of quick doom. If death were to come, the latter were the better way.

Came a cry from the beach, far down to our left—the shrill sobbing cry of the man creatures, of the things this teeming life had resolved to make of us. We had come out of the forest far to the southward of the vermilion carpeted glade—the great mound of growth near which we had slept the night before was close to the western curve of the beach. The cry came from it, and high upon it we could make out the figures of the fungoid men.

"By Heaven, they're calling to us!" cried Doug. "They can't mean us any harm. They didn't harm you there in the island, Jim. They must mean something. That shark—jump!"

The great fin had veered from its angular course and the water seethed before it. Madly we tore into the fringing rot of the fungus and splashed through the lapping shallows down the beach. The force of the growing stuff seemed momentarily to have spent itself, and a clear sweep of the clean



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sands spread before us.

The man creatures leaped up and down in their excitement as we approached the great mound near the water's edge.

Once more they began to tear at the stuff on the lower surface and to beckon us to do the same.

And in sudden comprehension as I stared at the peculiar shape of the hill-like mass, I started to tear the stuff away myself. Then, though quivering with the thought of the thing, the terror of land and sea forced me, and I plunged my hand arm-length into the mass. Abruptly, not an elbow's depth beneath the crusted surface, it crashed against something hard. I gave a cry of excitement, and dashed to the lagoon. Coming back I showered a cupped handful of salt water against the hole I had made. Another and another, then finally, when the light of day penetrated, gave a whoop of half hysterical joy.

"*Wood!* It's wood, fellows, it's wood —a ship—a ship!"

With what cries then did Doug and Captain Jim and the Kanaka boy dash water upon the enshrouding fungus. And how the man creatures hopped awkwardly about, ever dodging the falling spray themselves, but ever tearing at other parts of the mound, disclosing more and more that what we had all at first taken for a huge mass of fungoid material was but a fungus hidden wreck.

Then came a curious call from Captain Jim, who had been working at the vessel's stern.

"Fellows! Look at this."

One glance at the exposed transom of the schooner, and we turned our eyes upon the man creatures hopping behind us.

"God pity them!" breathed Douglas Gordon. "Punishment they deserved, but never this."

The name of the wrecked schooner was still apparent, gleaming dirty white against the molded teak of the vessel's transom. It spelled the fate that had come to these unfortunate creatures, it spelled the end of our chase, it spelled too, hope that we might evade the horror that had come to these men who had stolen our great fire opal and fled before our vengeance in the schooner Black Moth.

Truly had their punishment been a dreadful one. Yet, truly, too, did they realize their own condition, and that that same condition would be ours did we dally overlong upon the Fungus Isle. They had seen us, they must have recognized us as men at least, even if their brains were too far gone to know us as the rightful owners of the treasure stone. And as best they could, though fearing our very touch, they had conveyed to us the information that in this molded mound lay our salvation, and our only one.

THE moon rose, and still the things worked with us as we cleaned the wreck. And toward dawn, Captain Jim came upon the hatchway aft, and despite our remonstrances declared he was going down below decks.

Evidently during the storm the hatchway had been closed. It took our united effort to slide the door forward in its swollen grooves, but our hearts beat gladly again when we saw that the necessities imposed by the storm that had brought the Black Moth to the coral sands had also kept her cabin clear of the island's horrid growth.

The schooner was canted over on her side as though beached for a clean-up of her bottom, but we scrambled madly down the short ladder, slipping and falling over each other in our efforts each to be first to find the thing that

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had suddenly again become uppermost in our minds. Water, and food—of which we had had none for forty-eight hours and more—were things for the future. Fear of the fungus was gone—the planks were here about us wherewith to build a raft and sail for a cleaner, saner land. And a shark was naught but a fish in the sea.

But now—at last, with a whoop of joy, we came upon a small blackwood chest. Caught it up, bore it topside, set it down in the angle of deck and cabin bulkhead, opened it—and the slanting rays of the sun just peering over the eastern horizon, over the mad, soaring forms of the fungus forest, were broken into the thousand and one gleaming flames of the great block of fire opal.

WATER beakers we discovered in the hold, and tinned food. Sparingly we ate, with the hopeless, but nodding things that had been the rapers of our treasure, silently watching. We called them to us. But they shook their heads quickly, and with their peculiar hopping movement, turned as one, and disappeared up the vermilion carpeted trail.

And Captain Jim, turning to us, told us why they would never again come out.

"I ate some of the fan stuff," he said. "In the first days here they must have sampled it, too, perhaps in curiosity. You saw how the stuff affected me—drugged, gentle swaying joy—bliss beyond words; more, and more, and more—they *cannot* leave. They lost all that made them man, they took on the life of the fungus—and God help them, they became half fungoid themselves. Yet—"

And Douglas Gordon finished for him.

"Yet they knew somehow what their fate must be, and ours. And somehow, heaven alone knows, they knew they must warn us. Whatever they were, and whatever they have become, there still is something in them that makes them men."

I stared from the growing warmth of our returned mass of opal up the vermilion carpeted trail, at the silently waiting forms of poison color, at the gray mass of stuff that had pursued us in our last flight to the cleansing water of the lagoon—and in my mind I saw with full clarity the fate that, but for them, must also have been ours. And I dropped my head.

"God help them!" I muttered as had Doug and Captain Jim. "God help them. And may they soon pass to a cleaner, sweeter life than that of Fungus Isle."

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By A. MERRITT

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Out of the Dark

By AMABEL REDMAN

If a killer beast had the brains of a man—

I

HIS pipe had gone out; Lenox refilled it carefully. "And the experiment?" he asked.

"A complete success, I think," the doctor answered.

Lenox shifted uneasily in his chair. The whole idea was so amazing! Had he not Mason's word—the word of his trusted friend—that he was speaking only the truth, Lenox would have felt sure that he was merely being entertained with a most bizarre bit of fiction. Yet he had been assured that what to him seemed so incredible was to the other the matter of fact business of his life; the subject of his studies for twenty-five years—studies which had absorbed every moment that could be schemed away from his professional duties, and which had culminated in the experiment of which the doctor had been telling his friend, the experiment which had been, he thought, a complete success.

"Where is he?" Lenox found to his amusement he could not help glancing over his shoulder as he put this question.

"You know the small cabin down at the end of the grounds? We generally speak of it as the gardener's house—"

"Yes, yes. He is there?"

Mason nodded.

"Of course," he explained, "I did not dare to move him far. Gorillas have died of homesickness in almost every case of attempted captivity. So at first I kept him in West Africa, close to where he was found. Later we brought him here. It is quiet, and yet near enough to Cape Town for me to carry on my profession. Even so, we nearly lost him; he had a serious illness just after we came here, but with the help of a young medical friend of mine I pulled him through. And now the time has come when he is strong enough, and I think sufficiently interested in the trip to London to make is possible for him to stand it."

"But it is so difficult to believe," Lenox said. "You must have used some new and amazing method—"

"That method was amazing merely in its simplicity, my dear fellow. The way it has worked out is, I grant you, an amazing affair; but the idea seems to me to be a most natural one. It came to me during my days in medical school; and I became filled with it, fascinated by it—its wild, and yet to me reasonable, possibilities. To take an animal—the animal who comes nearest in physical make-up to the human species—and patiently to educate that animal, giving to the task the same absorption, the same affection and inspiration that would go to the teaching of a deaf and dumb baby, using the same methods that are employed with a Helen Keller—to surround that animal entirely with the conditions of civilized humanity and to watch the results—this became with me a ruling passion, and I thought it not strange that I gave to it whatever skill I had."

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"And you chose the gorilla to work with, in spite of the fact that he is the most difficult of the apes to capture and tame?"

"Because of his size and strength, I felt that he was more likely to feel at home among men, could he once become acclimated, and by the utmost care and caution during his first years that has been accomplished."

There was a ring of contained triumph in the doctor's voice, a touch of light in his eyes, that spoke of the joy he felt in the accomplishment.

Lenox looked at him sharply. He had just come out to Africa, and had eagerly sought out Mason, the friend of his Oxford days. And now— Could the exquisitely tuned brain be overstrained by years of relentless work? Was this fantastic story merely the product of a scientific mind gone askew? Yet, almost at once he discarded the theory. His friend was sitting in a carved chair, and with the wan afternoon sunlight touching palely his rugged, controlled face.

The long fingered, white surgeon's hand lay relaxed and quiet on the chair arm; not a madman, surely; merely a farseeing scholar, into whose field of vision came clearly things not discernible to eyes less highly trained.

"And now?" Lenox passed his hand across his own eyes, as though to brush away his instant's doubt of his friend. "Now what is to be the program? Is the English medical world to know of your success?"

"Gradually, I expect. To spring my—er—pupil too suddenly upon an incredulous crowd of curiosity seekers would not only be unwise for me; it would be most unfair to my subject. His position, as the one educated, speaking member of his species, has of course made him a lonely and a highly nervous creature. He has grown to love me, and he trusts me, I think, though of course he may still harbor grave doubts of me, for all I know. At first he showed the greatest moodiness at times; but of late that seems to have worn off. I am very fond of him."

"Just how far has intelligence really developed?"

"As far as his age and the limitation of inheritance would allow. But come and see him for yourself. It is the only way to give you any idea of what he is. You don't mind? It has been such a relief, Arthur, to tell you all this. Except for my daughter Carol, the friend who helped me and a servant or two, I have kept the thing absolutely quiet; for I was in terror of being interfered with or judged insane before I was in a position to prove the truth of my assertions.

"Carol has been a brick. She has kept her faith in me all through, and her gentle ways have had the greatest effect on Oliver. He adores her, I think. Once when she fell and hurt herself he carried her to the cabin and came for me with tears in his eyes because of her suffering."

"His name is Oliver?"

"He chose it himself. He didn't like the one we had given him, and Oliver is easy for him to say. He likes the soft, smooth sounds best."

Lenox rose eagerly.

"Take me to him," he begged. "I am most impatient to see him. I suppose I may trouble him, being a stranger."

Mason laughed.

"No, no—you don't understand. You will be introduced to him as a friend of mine; therefore he will trust you. He will find you very interesting, no doubt, for his knowledge of men is derived largely from his reading. As I told you, I have not as yet felt like showing him

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off to any one. He has met one or two people, and he has a servant, a devoted man of mine, who I feel quite sure thinks that I am crazy, but is determined to keep the fact from the rest of the world. He likes Oliver, however, as no one could help doing who knew him well; and so he cares for him and waits upon him, in order to leave his time free for his studies."

Mason rose also, and, passing his arm about Lenox, he drew him from the room. "It is good to have you here, Arthur," he said. He was full of the joy of easing his mind of its secret, and he knew that he could trust Lenox.

THE doctor opened the door of the cabin just as the quick twilight fell. Shaded lights and silken hangings gave an instant impression of ease and comfort. A doorway—its thin curtain drawn aside to admit the air—framed the room which opened from the little entrance hall. It was not a large room, but it had a look of sophistication, partly given by the loaded book-shelves which lined the walls.

At a huge table near the windows, his head bent over a map, sat a figure—a figure whose whole pose Lenox felt to be one of dignity and restraint. He wore no conventional clothing, as Lenox had half feared he would, but a soft robe of some bright colored material, wound about his body and caught with a clasp on the shoulder. His heavy, elongated head rested on one great hand, his deep-set eyes held a look of intense concentration, as he studied the large map which lay before him.

Mason waited, that his friend might fully sense the gentle repose of the moment.

Then he spoke: "Good evening, Oliver; may we interrupt you?"

The gorilla turned, and as his eyes fell upon the doctor they filled with a light and softness that Lenox was to come to know as his smile. He seldom moved his lips to achieve the latter; when he did, the result was more an expression of sarcasm. He spoke: "Good evening, Mason. You're not interrupting."

To Lenox the sound of the low, rather guttural voice was dreamlike. Even though he had been prepared for the animal's gift of speech, the actual experience proved more than startling.

And a few moments later, when, the introduction made, he found himself seated at the gorilla's side, listening to his quiet talk with Mason, the sensation that he was partaking of the supernatural became almost unbearable.

"You see, I was perusing a map of the district, Mr. Lenox." The gorilla was addressing him. "Being the first of my species to have any idea of his surroundings and the world outside, it is natural that it should be of the deepest interest to me. This map is a good one." He pushed it across the table.

Lenox struggled to reply with no show of the wonder he felt. To his delight, Mason soon led Oliver to talk of his early training; those first struggling months of overcoming the distrust of speech and reason. "I was like a person in the dark—a darkness where only a piercing ray or two came to me. Then gradually it brightened, as though you drew up curtains of leaves, slowly, one after the other."

Lenox put in a question: "What was the first real gain in knowledge, do you remember?"

The gorilla passed one long arm over the table and pushed the papers from in front of him. Then he leaned his arms in the cleared space.

"Music," he said simply. "I liked it

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so. First easy tunes and then more complicated harmony. First a chord that conveyed a meaning to me, then a sound. From a crude singing to the use of the throat in speech."

"And you are glad?"

It was the doctor who asked, as if anxious that his friend should be assured of his pupil's gratitude.

Oliver turned to pat the doctor's arm affectionately. "I am glad," he answered; "but it is a lonely position in which you have placed me, my friend—you know that as well as I."

There was a short pause. Mason was musing, his thoughts across the sea in a wondrous London—a London that should pay him homage and help to make up to him for his years of uncertainty and drudging work.

Oliver had fallen into a careful scrutiny of Arthur Lenox, his eyes traveling in gentle inquiry over the face and person of this new representative of the human race.

Then the doctor drew out his cigarette case. "Are we waiting dinner for Carol?" he asked, as he passed the case to both his companions.

Oliver tapped his cigarette against the table and held a match for Lenox. "She will be here soon, I think. You know Mason's daughter?"

"I have not seen her for a number of years."

"She is very beautiful," said the gorilla.

II

SEATED at the dinner table, twenty minutes later, Lenox found himself again lost in a haze of new impressions. Carol, slender, blond, gowned in white, quietly engaged in conversation with the six-foot black monster at her side. The great beast, presiding, with his gentle air of sadness and dignity, and with easy good manners dispensing the hospitality of his dinner table—at the foot of that table the gray haired scientist who was responsible for this impossibility. The china was frail and delicate, the linen soft and glossy, the manservant deft in his noiseless ministrations—impossible—.

"Oliver will find much to interest him in London, will he not, Arthur?"

"He will enjoy the music, I think—don't you, Mr. Lenox?"

"I don't look forward to the sea voyage, Mr. Lenox. I fear I shall be very ill."

Lenox noticed that no wine was served. He could not suppress his fascinated interest in Oliver's dexterous use of knife and fork.

The gorilla did not talk a great deal. He seemed to speak with perfect ease, but the habit of thoughtful listening was his, and his eyes dwelt with quiet intentness on the faces of his companions when they spoke.

"Shall we have our coffee on the balcony?" Oliver led the way to a small vine hung porch, roofless, open to the night sky. Mason stood leaning against the railing as they waited for the coffee; his hands in his pockets, his head on one side. He was obviously intent on his friend's reaction to Oliver, obviously delighted by his strained attention. When the coffee came, Carol poured it, and the gorilla passed the little cups, his padding steps emphasizing the ponderous, slightly stooping frame.

The talk now was of Mason's plans. He hoped to carry Oliver straight to his old home in Hampshire, there to find rest and quiet after the sea trip. Then would begin cautious talks with some of the leading scientific men, a visit from the representative few—perhaps a quietly arranged trip to London.

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Oliver must be guarded, of course, from curiosity, and from too great a strain upon nerves long accustomed to studious retirement.

"What I wish to accomplish," Mason explained, "is the proof, beyond all shadow of doubt in people's minds, of what I have been able to do for Oliver. Then to continue Oliver's studies, making it more and more possible for him to go about in the world after the outcry of incredulity has died down. What the future will bring forth, of course, we cannot foresee as yet, but I hope it will be rich in reward for us both. We have worked hard, eh, Oliver?"

"We have worked very hard, my dear doctor; but as you say, the result of our labors can't yet be foreseen. I confess that I dread somewhat the ordeal before me."

"It shall be made quite easy for you. Carol, may we have some music?" Mason voiced the suggestion as though anxious to turn the gorilla's thoughts from the subject which worried him.

The girl rose, and went to the piano in the darkened room behind them. Presently she played—a Chopin nocturne, that floated in heavy sweetness from the shadows. Lenox—feeling troublously that the burden of new emotions was too much—followed the music into the house, leaving the doctor and his pupil together.

As the nocturne ended, Arthur bent to thank the musician; then, noticing her glance turned toward the porch, he, too, looked back. The doctor was lounging in his chair, smiling—dreaming—the smoke from his cigarette trailing like a scarf. But Oliver had risen, and was standing near the railing of the balcony. His long arms rested on his breast, his head was tipped back—his gaze swept outward, over the dark sky.

III

TO LINGER in Africa until his friend's plans for sailing were complete had been quite irresistible to Arthur Lenox. His own business accomplished, a trip or two had occupied some of the time; but much of it had been spent at the Masons'. He was fascinated by Oliver, and frankly said that he could not bear the thought that his share in the outcome of the doctor's adventure should be merely correspondence.

And now all arrangements were made, and another week would see the whole party embarked for England. Lenox had grown to more than share the Masons' liking for the gorilla. Oliver seemed to him a strong and most appealing figure. In the cabin they had spent many hours of talk, and Lenox had learned to appreciate more and more the intense feeling of loneliness; the dignity—almost the tragedy—of isolation, which was the result of the animal's education.

Deeply interesting was Oliver's account of what he could remember about his babyhood. He had undoubted impressions of life in the Congo. Dim light, shining through a canopy of leaves—a mass of tangled undergrowth. But nothing was clear enough to be really called a memory. He spoke to Arthur also of the curious inherited instincts which were his—fear, suspicion, a dependence on his amazingly clear hearing.

And he told how eagerly he had read all that he could find about the habits and history of his fellow creatures of the forest. He confided to Lenox that his pity for his race was very great. He was surprisingly broad, generous in his outlook; in short, exceedingly likable.

Yet always Lenox felt that he was

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an uncertain quantity. Mason's complete confidence he did not share; the animal was to all appearance tamed and civilized by his long captivity, but what was there to prevent the inheritance of wild animal terror and anger from asserting itself at any time? In any supreme test, would he react to his acquired humanity, or to the call of his blood?

On all this Lenox was musing; sitting in the window of his bedroom, stretched out comfortably, his feet against the sill, his pipe glowing warmly. The house slept; it was close to midnight.

A week would see them started for England. What awaited them there? For Mason, disappointment or great rewards? For Oliver—death, perhaps—or the most truly unique of experiences.

The night was very still. The silence seemed a bottomless tranquillity.

Suddenly that silence was broken; broken by a sound as weird as any Lenox had ever heard—the uncontrolled scream of an animal in terror! Lenox sat for a moment in moveless suspense; then he sprang up, his eyes fixed on the path below his window. The gorilla was loping up that path toward the house, loping with long, noiseless strides.

He caught sight of Lenox in the window. "Run, you fool!" he yelled. "Mason, get Mason—the house—fire! Fire! Fire!"

Waves of smoky heat rising suddenly from below cut off Lenox's view. A terrifying glow seeped slowly into the room. Lenox knew that Carol's bedroom was next his own. With this thought in mind, he turned quickly to his door and flung it open.

Smoke, choking, smothering smoke, beat in against him like an angry wave, forcing him backward. Instinctively he crept again to the window and leaned out. Below him swayed and curled the veil of smoke, shot now with spurts of sickening red. Then the veil parted: A monstrous blackness was scaling the wall of the house—perilously near those darting tongues! Arthur could hear now the sharp grunting of the gorilla's breath as he climbed.

To reach Carol's room, Oliver must cross his window ledge. The great head turned as the animal made his laborious way around the sill. "Wait for me, Lenox." He clung a moment, gained breath, swung to the other window—was gone—to reappear with a white, silent girl in one arm, and make his burdened descent with steady, unhurried strength.

It seemed only a moment then before Arthur felt the powerful arm closed about him in his turn; felt the panting breath of the gorilla, and then the heat—rising stiflingly as the ground was reached. A moment more, and he was joined by the doctor, and Carol—who was sobbing, now that the tension had relaxed. Mason had made his own way out, he explained, at Oliver's first warning. Brave, faithful Oliver! Good friend to whom they all owed their lives! How could he be praised and thanked enough?

He seemed disinclined to be made a hero, however. He had burned his hands a little, and he was looking at them carefully.

"The house is lost," Mason said. "Let's go to the cabin. The men will do all that can be done; and Carol must rest, Oliver be attended to, while you, Arthur, will probably be the better for a drink."

"Yes, come," said the gorilla suddenly, "I invite you all to my house, and we shall rest and collect ourselves."

He led the way, walking almost com-

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pletely upright. He had taken off his robe for climbing; he threw it about him now, like a cloak.

Coffee—hastily brewed by a pallid manservant—did much to restore them. They sat exhaustedly still, talking only spasmodically. All but Oliver—he did not seem tired. He paced to and fro restlessly; his small eyes shone, as if with the light of the flames. He was uplifted, almost gay—and he thrilled to the sense of his own strength!

Toward morning the doctor persuaded them to try for sleep. Carol left them. As she passed the gorilla on her way out, she paused to lay her hand caressingly on his arm.

"You saved my life, Oliver."

The restless pacing stopped; the big head tipped sidewise a little, as the gorilla gave her a curiously long look. Then, in an odd gesture of affection, he stooped to lay that head against the girl's slim shoulder.

Mason smiled.

IV

IT WAS almost noon. The clock by Lenox's bed gave a warning whir before striking. Deeply, exhaustedly asleep, Lenox lay crumpled, one arm over his eyes to guard them from the sunshine that fell across his pillow. All at once he stirred—groaned—

What was it? Someone called his name: "Arthur, Arthur, wake up!"

The fire. No, no; it was daylight. "Mason, is that you? What do you want?"

"Oliver, I tell you, Oliver! He is—"

"Well, what? What has happened?"

"Gone."

"Where? What do you mean—gone?"

"Just—gone away. Here, read this—"

The letter was not long:

My dear Mason:

You will think me ungrateful, but I am not. I saved your life, and that is some return for all you have done for me; and I am going back to my own people—I must go. I shall try to pass on to them what I have learned. I have long planned this escape, and the plans are good, so it will be useless to attempt to follow me. Last night's adventure gave me the courage I needed to take this step—and now it is taken.

I have gone; and I shall not come back. Some day you may hear of my work, you or your descendants—who can tell? I may be wrong to wish to teach my people; perhaps they are happier in their darkness; but I cannot help myself, the urge is too strong.

Good-by, and don't regret this ending. One cannot shape destiny to his individual desires.

Oliver.

"I am fearfully sorry." Lenox laid down the letter. "But one can't help admiring the brave beast. Will he get away?"

"I am wretchedly sure that he can; his plans are probably only too well formed. Oh, God!"

"Don't take it so infernally hard, Mason. As you yourself said, the end could not be foreseen. Perhaps he will come back—"

"Arthur, you are talking like a fool, without thinking. I don't dare think, but—God, I was mad! What have I started? Think of the strength of those creatures! What race may some day troop out of that forest!"

In the December issue of this magazine—

THE SUN MAKERS

By WILL McMORROW

A classic story of amazing invasion from outer space

On Sale October 9

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The Editors' Page

WITH this anniversary issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES we have brought the price of the magazine down to 10c. It is just a year ago that the September-October issue introduced F.F.M. to science-fiction and weird story readers, without benefit of Virgil Finlay and Frank R. Paul, and with a bulletin cover. We asked the readers if they wanted more of the famous old classics and they did, as a voluminous mail testified. The letters arrived immediately. Where was the rest of "The Moon Pool"? Was there a sequel to "The Girl in the Golden Atom"? "Karpen the Jew" was one of the very best stories they had ever read. And so on. F.F.M. was thoroughly launched.

———o———

The readers proceeded to say how they wanted the stories illustrated, demanded a cover picture, and asked eventually to have the long stories published complete. And now they write that almost everything they have asked for has been given to them. Including a companion magazine, FANTASTIC NOVELS.

The difference in the two books is mainly in the number of pages. The shorter gems of fantasy can be fitted into FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES—the longer ones into FANTASTIC NOVELS. All will be important stories.

———o———

All indications are that "The Radio Beasts" by Ralph Milne Farley, sequel to the highly popular "The Radio Man" which ran in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, is one of the most wanted of the long stories. This will appear shortly in FANTASTIC NOVELS, the book which will best accommodate its length.

The *next* issue of FANTASTIC NOVELS will bring you Merritt's celebrated "The Snake Mother" which is the sequel to "The Face in the Abyss" appearing in this issue of F.F.M. "The Snake Mother" will be on the newsstands September 11, in the November issue of F.N.

———o———

Many of the readers have expressed anxiety about the short stories. There are two factions. One faction does not want any short stories at all, and the other feels that it is too bad if the new policy of running complete novels crowds out the four or so short stories that used to run in F.F.M.

This is really not a problem to worry about. There will always have to be some short stories to fill out the pages unused by the longer ones. Sometimes there will be only one. Occasionally there will be three or four.

———o———

An interesting request has been repeated a number of times. Readers wish to know if there is any possibility of a second reprinting of "The Moon Pool" novelet and the sequel, "The Conquest of the Moon Pool", in one volume, with the same Finlay illustrations and a cover to illustrate the story. The Editor would be pleased to hear what you all think of the idea, and will print your letters.

———o———

As for things to come, we wish to assure readers inquiring about the various sequels that those to "Darkness and Dawn" will be forthcoming—also "Into the Infinite" following "The Rebel Soul" and "The Spot of Life" which winds up all the threads of "The Blind Spot" in a very fine story.

—The Editors

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The Readers' Viewpoint

Address comments to The Letter Editor, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, 280 Broadway, N. Y.

The Editors,
Famous Fantastic Mysteries:

August Cover Superb

DEAR EDITOR:

Without a doubt the August issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES is the best this year, so far. And by the way the August issue marks the end of your first year. And a grand year for me, as well as I hope for you and F.F.M.

Virgil Finlay's cover is superb. His best color work to date. He has outdone every other stf. artist with the "Darkness and Dawn" cover. Bravo, Virgil!

"Darkness and Dawn" gave me a surprise. I turned to the first paragraph expecting to dive into a heavy science story. I was glad to see it lean heavily toward the adventure angle. Now that you have published this swell story you must publish the rest of the trilogy. I'm sure most readers will agree with me. So, please, let's have 'em.

Austin Hall's story on the other hand was a perfect Fantasy. I see that "The Rebel Soul" also has a sequel. Naturally you must print "Into the Infinite."

Well, I guess that is about all till I have read the September FANTASTIC NOVELS. Until then I will try to shrink so as to get in the mood for Cummings' "Atom" novel.

DAVID GLAZER.

12 Fowler St.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Jus' Gotta Say It

I jus' gotta say it. This is the best issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES or of any other magazine. This is probably because nine-tenths of the mag is taken up by two excellent stories.

I'll rate the material this way:

Virgil Finlay's cover—A+; Paul's illustration—B; England's "Darkness and Dawn"—A+; England's autobiography—B; Finlay's drawing for "Rebel Soul"—A+; Hall's "The Rebel Soul"—A; Editor's Page—B; Sneddon's "12:30 in Eternity"—C (average); Readers' Viewpoint—C.

Although V. Finlay has done many good illustrations, I think that this is the best cover he has ever done because of the expression he has put in it and because he has captured completely the spirit of the story.

The hero and heroine bear a striking resemblance to Victor Mature and Carole Landis in the picture, "One Million B. C." Wonder why that is?

As for the title, I agree with the others. It *must* be made smaller. Right now it takes up more than one-third of the page. Why not use the same kind of type that you use for FANTASTIC NOVELS?

Another thing—I don't like the "mysteries" on the title. It gives people the wrong impression. Why not change it to "Famous Fantastic Stories" or "Famous Fantasies" or something else?

Paul's illustrations are good. But what happened to our hero's legs in the drawing on page 31?

England's autobiography sounds as though it would have been a good feature article in itself. It should have been much longer.

I compared the picture illustrating "The Rebel Soul" and the one of the people in the ring illustrating "The Blind Spot" (I like the uncolored one better) and I find them on a par with each other. I consider these two the best illustrating in F. F. M. and F. N. so far.

"The Rebel Soul" is a different idea even if it was born when we entered into the World War, and it was played up very well.

Could it be that Hitler is ——?

"Half Past Twelve in Eternity" (long title for short story) was very good for a short story, but I've read so many other stories with the same theme that I knew what the ending would be before I got very far through. It might have been more interesting had I read it when it was first printed, but for the fact that I came into consciousness around the beginning of that year.

"The Readers' Viewpoint" wasn't up to par this issue.

I'm afraid I started the ball rolling in a little mistake in my letter this August issue. I meant that I wanted the mags twice a month instead of bi-monthly but it would suit me if you had both of them once a month.

My answer to the etoinal (Brooklyn for eternal) question: "Shall we have smooth edges or sha'n't we?" Although people buy magazines just to read and then throw them away, some people collect them and want them to look neat on their shelves.

I'm a magazine collector.

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I forgot to say that I don't like the static effect around the title of FANTASTIC NOVELS. It is too sensational.

WALTER C. CONOVER.

Hambrooks Blvd.,
CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND

F.F.M. Way Above Tops

I have been an ardent observer of F. F. M. ever since it came into being not quite a year ago. During this brief time I have never seen a mag strive to please its public in every way as it has. It deserves all the praise one could possibly give to it. F. F. M. is way above tops.

Here is a list of the six stories that I liked best up to the present. They are rated in order of importance.

The Blind Spot; The Radio Man; Darkness and Dawn; The Girl in the Golden Atom; Three Lines of Old French; The Devil of the Western Sea.

These stories in my estimation are leaders in the field although there are many more which you have not yet published.

I have checked through the other stories that the readers seem to want badly and here they are:

First, though, about E. R. Burroughs. I have found that his earlier "Martian" stories (The Gods of Mars, Warlord of Mars, Chessmen of Mars, A Fighting Man of Mars) are out of print; also not likely to be published. Now there may be a few readers who have these stories, but I am sure there are many, many more who haven't and would like them. At least their letters seem to say so. Why don't you take a poll on this question? Now for the list:

The Radio Beasts, etc.—Farley; The Spot of Life—Hall; Metal Monster, Dwellers in the Mirage and People of the Pit—Merritt; Beyond the Great Oblivion, etc.—England; Polaris of the Snows, Polaris and the Goddess Glorian—Stilson; Tarrano the Conqueror; The Fire People—Cummings; Swordsmen of Mars, Maza of the Moon, Spawn of the Comet—Kline.

As artists Finlay and Paul are perfect. Please have more illustrations to a story by them.

I have along with a good many of your readers only one fault to find. Even with the new policy you have adopted we cannot get your stories fast enough. A month is *too* long a time to wait for these masterpieces. Why not publish both your mags oftener, such as, F. F. M. twice a month and F. N. once a month, or at least F. F. M. on the first of the month and F. N. on the middle of the month? That way it wouldn't be so long between times. I am sure every one would be happy then.

HENRY MORSE.

WOODBINE, IOWA

More G. A. England

Just finished reading August FAMOUS FANTASTIC, and here are a few comments.

The first one can be disposed of very easily. Paul and Finlay are tops. I was especially impressed by Finlay's cover. It is a change from his dot work and is equal to Paul at his best—which is really saying something. My only criticism would be minor. Isn't it possible to cut down the size of the name on the cover, or at least rearrange it so that it doesn't cut into the illustration so much?

"Darkness and Dawn" certainly is tops. Tho I've been a fan of long standing, this is the first time I've read it. Hall's "Rebel Soul" comes second. I didn't care so much for the short.

Am awaiting *The Face in the Abyss* eagerly, especially since I've already read *The Snake Mother*. The new policy is tops. But like everyone else—how about having at least F. F. M. a monthly? And a new story now and then.

Stories I want to see: The rest of England's "Trilogy." And he has written some other top flight fantasies—*Empire of the Air, Fatal Gift,* and *The Golden Blight.*

Giesy—*Palos of the Dog Star Pack, Mouthpiece of Zitu, Jason, Son of Jason.*

Farley—Rest of the "Radio" stories.

Kline—*Maza of the Moon* and most of his other stories.

Cummings—*Tarrano the Conqueror,* etc.

Serviss—*Moon Maiden, Conquest of the Moon, Conquest of Mars.*

Flint—*The Planeteer, Queen of Life, Man in the Moon, Out of the Moon, King of Converse Island.*

Merritt—Any of his works.

Rousseau—*Messiah of the Cylinder, Draft of Eternity, Sea Demons, Eye of Balamok.*

And I noticed in the last reader's section a remark asking you to stay away from certain authors—among whom was Murray Leinster. I hope you don't in his case at least. He has written some wonderful stories which aren't so easily obtained. Some of his stories shouldn't be printed again, but there are some that should.

Sorry trimmed edges had to go, but the story is the thing.

But keep up the good work!!

FRED SENOUR.

210 Alameda St.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Old Stories Best

I have just got two of your magazines. Pretty good!

I agree with Charles Wolfe (Reader's Viewpoint, May-June). You will please me by reprinting old stories. Later it would be fine to reprint (if you could) E. E. Smith's early stories.

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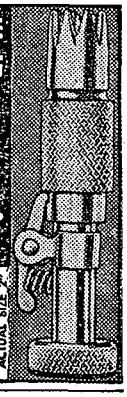

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I am a comparative newcomer to science-fiction—so reprinting the old stories will surely capture my 15¢. I am sure there are many others like me in that respect.

By all means keep Paul and Finlay. Particularly Paul. They give a magazine class—and add to the enjoyment of stories.

JOE NOWLIN.

402 W. 17th St.,
PINE BLUFF, ARK.

More Binder, Merritt, Hall

Just a short letter, in tribute to two of the greatest mags it has ever been my privilege to read. I don't have much to say about which is best as I go in a trance over every story in both books, but, as we all know, "The Blind Spot" and "The Moon Pool" are the two highlights. And as for the other stories, most of them perfect, the rest good.

Let's have more of Binder, Merritt, Hall, etc. I say Hall as I believe Flint is dead. This is a blow to fantasy. As the two made a wonderful combination, I for one am sorry that death broke up this fine pair.

Well, so long and thanks for more grand reading.

Finished Aug. copy today. Don't let "Darkness and Dawn" stay as it is. Let's have some more and don't change except to give us more and thicker books (a couple a month of each wouldn't be too much).

JACK HOBBS.

220 W. Forsyth St.,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Don't Forget Sequels

This is my first attempt at writing to any magazine, but after reading my first copy of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES (Aug.) I just couldn't resist.

This note is to *beg* you to please give us the rest of the stories following "Darkness and Dawn" in order as they come.

I thought "Darkness and Dawn" was very good.

I also want the sequel to "The Rebel Soul." That was swell.

Well, good luck to F. F. M. But please don't forget those sequels. Thanx.

JOSEPH LINDSLEY.

HOLLSTEAD, PA.

From England—May 17

The Armed Forces of the Crown have not yet hauled me off, but I expect them to do so any day now; in fact I may be gone before this letter reaches you. Meantime I'm delighted to give you news of how science-fiction and its fans are living and progressing on Hell's doorstep.

The last official meeting of the Science-fiction Association was held on that historic night of September 1st last year, a dull and rainy Lon-

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don night on which mercifully, the blackout had not yet spread to make the gloom worse. We met at 88 Gray's Inn Road, home of Bill Temple, Maurice Hanson and Arthur Clarke, famed English fans, and while Arthur smothered the windows with transparent gummed tape to lessen the force of possible bomb explosions in the neighbourhood we discussed the future, which is science-fiction's spiritual code, decided to park the S. F. A. for the duration and revive it immediately peace was signed.

The fact that Executives of the Association would be called up for military service in a short time and that others were already at work on civil duty (Council Chairman Ken Chapman had already begun full time work in the auxiliary police and was not present) made this necessary.

Two of the first London members to go were Maurice Hanson and Eric Williams. Less than a month later a meeting at Gray's Inn Road was interrupted by the thunder of heavy boots and the room was invaded by Syd Birchby, who has swaggered into all subsequent meetings with a new item of uniform. Syd has not yet been out of the country, but Maurice has seen much active service, while occasional letters from far and wide prove that Eric is seeing much of life.

Two more meetings were held before Xmas, by which time the occupiers decided that 88 Gray's Inn Road, most famous centre of science-fiction in the British Isles, was to be evacuated, as its sole remaining occupants were to be called elsewhere, Arthur Clarke for the Air Force and newly-weds Bill and Joan Temple for their new home in the north of London. Meantime S. F. A. Treasurer Ted Carnell had produced a lavish final issue of "New Worlds," our biggest publication, announcing the suspended animation of the S. F. A. and its intended revival.

Famags continued to appear spasmodically, despite difficulties of their editors. Up in Liverpool John F. Burke has produced several issues of "Satellite," which until the war was the S. F. A.'s official publication, and Dave McIlwaine boldly challenged the gods of war by turning out a new fanmag, a smart little publication called "Gargoyle."

Science-fiction's triumph of survival is undoubtedly the long continuation of "Tales of Wonder," Britain's leading science-fiction magazine. Despite much extra work and responsibility Editor Walter Gillings succeeded in producing two complete (quarterly) issues, and is said to have another, the twelfth, ready for launching.

Our other quarterly, "Fantasy," disappeared just before the war and Editor T. Stanhope Sprigg was called off to active service. But most of us agree that the worst of war losses is that of American science-fiction. The restriction of general supplies and the difficulties of getting currency of one form or another out of the country has produced something like a famine

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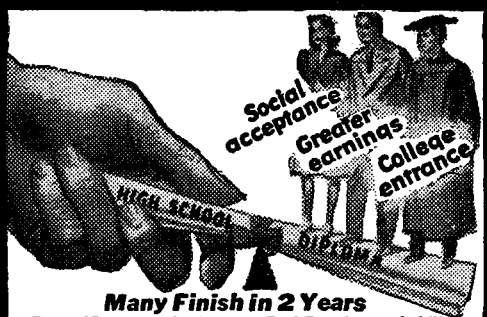

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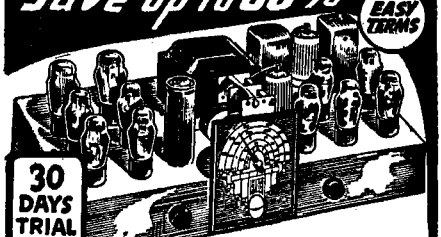

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in the land; the biggest supply service in the country complains aloud that if it could get stocks of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES it could sell them by the hundred, but the best any of us can do is to get odd copies from friends in the States, who can't always get hold of them even then. So you can understand that there are more reasons than one why we want to see an early signing of peace.

For all of these worries and troubles the spirit of most science-fictionists over here has seldom been better. We are told by the papers that there is a good deal of worry and speculation in the States about the possibility of a Hitler victory. In this country the idea of such a victory simply doesn't exist—this affair will end exactly the same as the last one and that's all there is to it. The high spirits and good-fellowship in evidence at the occasional meetings of the S. F. A. London Branch at the Red Bull Hotel have proved this up to the hilt. Members not yet called up have turned up steadily to talk over science-fiction news.

The S. F. A. has even been parent to a new (if somewhat disreputable) body. Not long ago (Peace-Pledge) Unionist Wally Gillings and Federal-Unionist Harry Kay were arguing furiously—typical peace-lovers—over the proposals of their respective bodies when they were interrupted by the raucous tones of Frank Arnold, very much in his cups, demanding bigger and better wars. When Private Birchby chimed in with his cry of "We want war—Fooey on Peace" a new body called the War-Pledge Union was formed on the spot. With a membership of two it makes up in sincerity and vociferation what it lacks in numbers, but its future is in doubt.

That's a nutshell review of most things that I can remember have happened in English science-fiction since the war started.

FRANK EDWARD ARNOLD.
The Science-Fiction Ass'n
1 Smith Street,
WATFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND

Of Interest to Merritt Fans

The first number of "Bizarre" the fan magazine which was formerly "Scienti-Snaps" will contain the original ending to "The Dwellers in the Mirage" published with the special permission of A. Merritt. Also to appear are items by H. P. Lovecraft, Dr. E. E. Smith, John W. Campbell, Jr., etc.

Whether F. N. or F. F. M. will publish "The Dwellers in the Mirage" with the original ending or not, it will be interesting for fans to be able to make comparisons. The chances are, it will be advisable to print it as it appeared in the magazine. JACK CHAPMAN MISKE.

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